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# CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"



AUGUST, 1937

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6



# CORONET

for  
AUGUST  
1937

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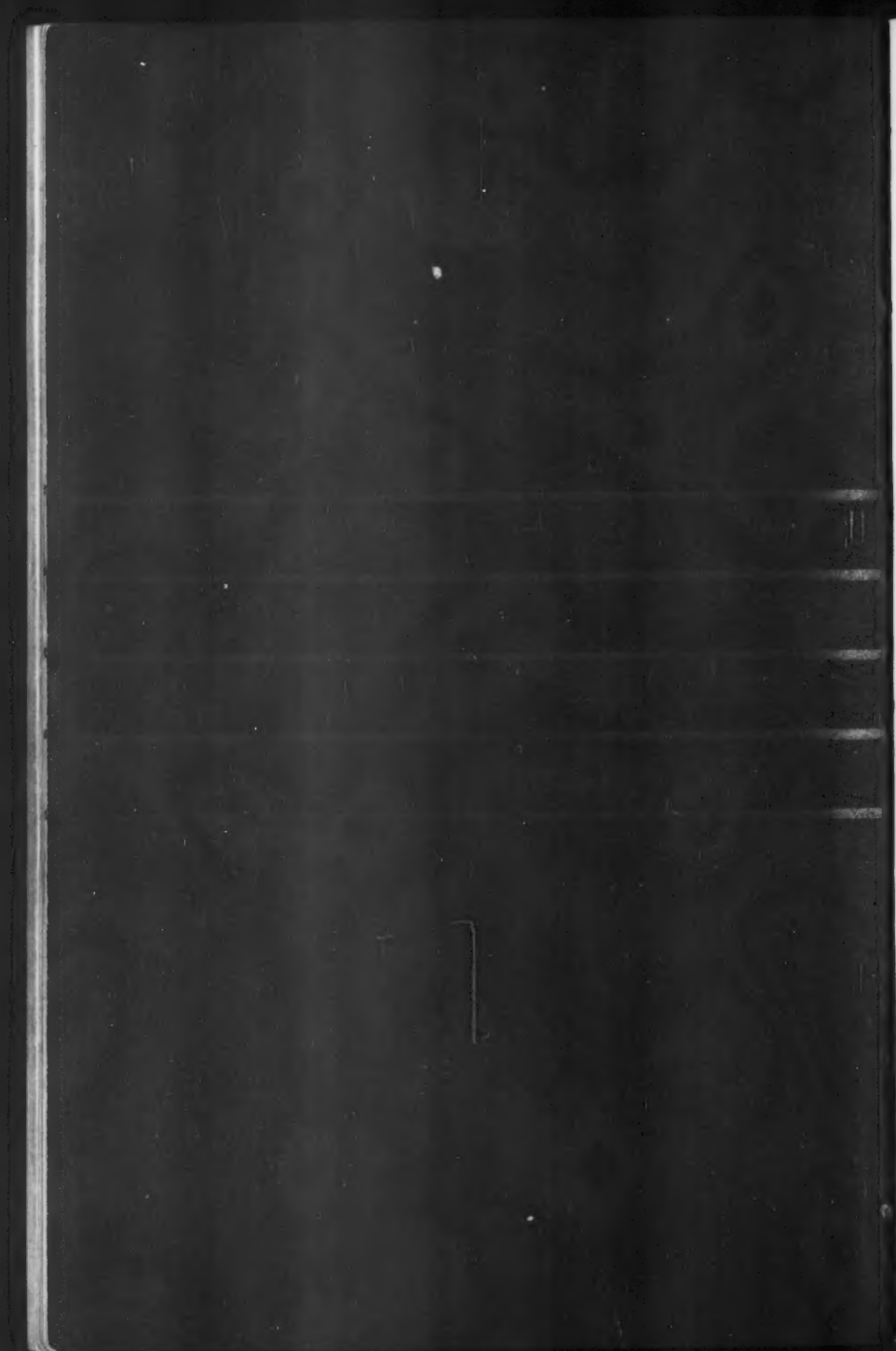
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# TERROR IN BUCHAREST

THE GREEN-SHIRTED IRON GUARDS ARE  
LINKED WITH FASCISTS THE WORLD OVER



ON a corner of Bucharest's great teeming boulevard, the Calea Victoriei, arrogant youths are stopping the passersby. "Let's see your passport!" they order. The passersby timidly obey, for the menacing bullies are wearing green shirts. They are members of the notorious Roumanian Iron Guard.

The Royal Palace is only a short distance away, but that does not keep the green-shirted Guardists from blocking the entrance to a side street. Some of their victims they let off with questioning, others they drag away to the Iron Guard headquarters for further "examination." They knock a Jew down into the gutter and kick him; they hurl stones through the window of a small store; they seize a newsboy's papers and burn them in the street.

And where, you ask, are the Roumanian police? They are looking helplessly on. This Fascist terrorist organization has placed itself above the law. Its members form a state within a state which carries on ruthless warfare against all who oppose it. Drawing its inspiration and financial sup-

port from Germany and Italy, the Iron Guard has become a serious problem not only for Roumania, but for other nations as well. No foreign ministry in southeastern Europe can make any political calculation today without including the green-shirted rowdies in its reckoning.

When King Carol returned to his capital last November from a state visit to Czechoslovakia, he was greeted by the Iron Guard with a manifesto which declared that its members "will not hesitate to shoot Carol down rather than fight for Bolshevism." The King had ample reason for believing that these gangsters were not bluffing. They are the same crowd who murdered Prime Minister Ion Duca three years ago. And they are the mafia who have gone unpunished for crimes which have shocked even a blasé Central Europe.

In actual numbers the Storm Troopers of the Iron Guard itself probably do not exceed three thousand men. Contrasted with the Roumanian regular army of 220,000, the terrorist military establishment is insignificant. But behind them are massed the three-

quarter million German minority, the pro-Italian followers of Marshal Avarescu, the blue-shirted, anti-Semitic fanatics in the ranks of Cuza's and Goga's National Christian Party, and men high in the army, the police, the civil service, even in Parliament and the Government.

A small band of Iron Guardists can loot a Jewish shop with impunity or stage a riot unmolested, because the police who should break up such lawless demonstrations have no way of knowing that their superiors may not be secret members of the Iron Guard. This fear naturally paralyzes police action.

The Iron Guard wages a savage type of warfare that intimidates all but the boldest opponents. Last December 22 the Green-Shirts killed four members of the National Peasant Party and wounded twenty others in the town of Noua. Last July 16 when Michael Stilesco, former Iron Guardist and at that time the leader of a rival group of terrorists, lay seriously ill in a Bucharest hospital, eight so-called "students" broke into his room. Shouting: "Traitor, your hour has come!" they fired forty-one bullets into the helpless man's body, then chopped the victim's mangled remains to pieces with an ax. After the "execution" the killers went openly to a "students' club" for an ovation.

The founder of the Iron Guard is one Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, the son of a railroad watchman. A young man in his thirties, he is a violent

anti-Semite, and a ruthless exponent of terrorism. He boasts of the fact that when the police chief of Jassy attempted to interfere with his anti-Semitic activities, he shot and killed that official. In spite of his open admission of guilt, Codreanu was acquitted. The man who is nominal commander of the Iron Guard is a General Cantacuzino, another fanatical anti-Semite, who brandishes his revolver at public meetings and demands that the "Jewish problem" be solved by wholesale murder. Four years ago when the liberal Prime Minister Duca banned meetings of the Iron Guard, General Cantacuzino wrote him that the ban was his death warrant. On December 29, 1933, the Green-Shirts carried out their threats by assassinating the Premier as he stood on the railway platform at Sinaia.

Were the Iron Guard merely a Roumanian internal problem, neighboring countries could look on with indifference. But it is a European problem, because the Green-Shirts are a branch of the Fascintern (Fascist International). They are linked with the Franco forces in Spain, the Arab Nationalists in Palestine and North Africa, the Henlein Partei in Bohemia, the National Socialists in Austria, and the Nazi movements in Switzerland, Holland, Poland and the Baltic States. Their offensive receives political support from Berlin and Rome; their plans are worked out by men who are striving to obtain world

power. They are the vanguard of Fascism pushing along the route from the Reich to the Ukraine. They are an important link in the Fascist chain which extends from Lisbon to Tokio. What the Iron Guard does in Roumania is carefully watched by Japanese staff officers in Manchukuo.

When two officers of the Iron Guard, Ion Motza and Basil Marin, were killed last January in the Franco trenches before Madrid, their bodies were taken back to Roumania. Codreanu gave them posthumous honors by founding the Order of Motza and Marin, a decoration to be conferred on Iron Guardists who risk their lives carrying on their lawless activities. General Cantacuzino ordered a gigantic public funeral for the two slain Green-Shirts. Thousands of Iron Guardists and their supporters assembled in Bucharest from all over Roumania. As the funeral cortège proceeded through the Calea Victoriei, past sidewalks jammed with massed throngs, observers were astounded by the spectacle before them. Marching in the procession were the Ministers of Germany, Italy, Portugal and Japan.

The international repercussions were immediate and powerful. The Bucharest Government protested to Berlin, Rome, Lisbon and Tokio against such obvious interference in Roumanian affairs. There were such sharp attacks on Prime Minister Tatarescu in the Roumanian Parliament that Demeter Iuca, Minister of

the Interior, and Mircea Diuvara, Minister of Justice, were forced to surrender their portfolios. Eight-five members of the Liberal Party addressed a memorandum to Premier Tatarescu protesting against the Iron Guard's terrorism.

The Iron Guard struck back with characteristic audacity. Three students of the University of Jassy attacked the Rector, Dr. Traian Bratu, wounded him severely and cut off one of his ears. He is a member of the National Peasant Party and an avowed opponent of Green-Shirt super-government. The Roumanian Cabinet replied to this outrage by closing all universities in Roumania as a move to break up the concentration of student Fascist groups. But this belated action by the Roumanian authorities does not by any means herald the end of the Iron Guard.

When the Dowager Queen Marie and the Marshal of the Roumanian Court were suddenly stricken simultaneously by a mysterious malady during March, sinister rumors blamed their sickness on poison. The Iron Guard was suspected. Such tactics would have been one method of striking at Carol through his mother. And Queen Marie's antipathy toward Hitlerism has made her a natural target for Iron Guard vengeance.

The sensational quarrel between King Carol and the former Prince Nicholas, which came to a crisis in April, provided the Iron Guard with an unusual opportunity to capitalize

dissension within the royal family. Nicholas was a convenient symbol for Iron Guard opposition to Carol. General Cantacuzino shouted these orders to his followers: "I give you this battle cry: 'Long live Her Majesty, Queen Helen; long live Prince Nicholas!' Carry this battle cry over the walls of the city, throughout our country and into the world beyond."

When the Iron Guardists are not shouting for the death of Madame Lupescu, desecrating the late Premier Duca's tomb, brawling in the streets, or scaring the wits out of superstitious peasants by their night-riding activities, they are engaged in political warfare against the democratic groups. Codreanu not infrequently issues manifestos which demand that the Government adopt a foreign policy helpful to Germany. Usually these ultimatums begin in this manner: "The King and his directors of foreign policy must guarantee with their heads the correct development of this policy."

The Iron Guard is a manifestation of Germany's determination to gain control of this strategically located nation so rich in oil and other raw materials that the Reich sorely needs. Behind the Iron Guard are mobilized the anti-Semitic and pro-German elements that are striving to drive Roumania out of the French alignment into the coalition which the Reich is building.

If Germany can gain control of Roumania the present political balance in Central Europe will be upset.

That the Nazi drive in Roumania has clever leadership was demonstrated last August when Nicholas Titulescu, Roumanian Foreign Minister, was dropped from the Cabinet in a sudden and mysterious political *coup d'état*. Titulescu was not only one of the ablest diplomats in Europe, but a trusted friend of France and the Little Entente.

When he was suddenly ousted from the Cabinet, the Green-Shirts boasted that Titulescu was another of their victims. And his friends reported that Hitler's Gestapo agents had framed him by means of forged documents placed in King Carol's hands through the chicanery of Cuza and Goga. When Titulescu suddenly fell desperately ill, there were rumors that he had been poisoned. Again the Iron Guard boasted and gloated.

Ion Mihalache, President of the National Peasant Party, who courageously opposes the Nazi drive in Roumania, told the writer last summer that the Reich controls between fifty and sixty Roumanian newspapers. And no one can tell how far Iron Guard influence extends into the army and the Government. But it is significant that the Nazis brag they can turn Roumania into "another Spain." Such boasts are not taken lightly by observers who have watched the mounting terrorism of the Fascintern's private army in Roumania during the past four years. You will hear more about the green-shirted terrorists.

—HENRY C. WOLFE

## THREE BLIND MICE

ANOTHER NURSERY RHYME WHOSE HIDDEN  
MEANING WAS A JIBE AT MARY STUART



*"Three blind mice—see how they run,  
They all ran after the farmer's wife.  
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife,  
Did you ever see such a thing in your life,  
As three blind mice?"*

WHEN the gentlemen of the Republican party shouted their theme song—*Three Blind Mice*—so lustily during the last presidential campaign, probably very few of these astute politicians knew the grim and sinister story which gave birth to this popular jingle long ago in the Fifteen Hundreds. Then, it was a thrust at Mary Stuart for her cruelty in punishing those who dared to disagree with her own religious convictions.

When Mary was a very young princess, she was smuggled away from Scotland into France, because of the fear of murder by her royal enemies. In France the child was reared under the questionable tutelage of Catharine di Medici, and educated also in the faith of the Catholic Church. Mary, who was so tolerant of sin, became a zealot and a bigot in her religious thinking. She brought Romanism with her to the throne.

While trying to restore the Church of England to Papal dominion, the Queen gave many of the rich lands and estates which had been confiscated from the Church during a previous reign, to numerous cardinals, priests and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. Thus, she was nicknamed the "farmer's wife," by the nose thumbing populace of her day, because of these vast agricultural interests.

"Mice" was also another nickname given to the clergy by the light of tongue, and the "Three blind mice" of the jingle were none other than Ridley, Bishop of London, Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, and Cranmer. These clergymen were so incensed by Mary's open propaganda, that they interceded with her in every possible way, and followed her about, endeavoring either to change or to thwart her plans, hence, "They all ran after the farmer's wife."

Because of their efforts, the three Bishops were burned at the stake, and the unhappy incident was perpetuated to posterity in the line—"Who cut off their tails with a carving knife." —EDNA S. SOLLARS

# DAVV JONES' LEXICON

MANY TERMS USED BY LANDLUBBERS  
HAD THEIR ORIGIN ON SHIPS AT SEA



THERE was a time in the history of the British Navy, when numerous members of the gentler sex found room for themselves on board various of His Majesty's vessels. It was not uncommon for some of them to go on rather protracted cruises with these ships, and under such intimate circumstances it was inevitable that certain of them would arrive at the condition which subtler ladies refer to as *enceinte*. They were confined on the gun deck where a blast from a cannon was sometimes used as an extreme measure to induce labor. Since the paternity in such cases was uncertain, each little offspring was naturally dubbed *son of a gun!*

Such scenes typify the easy yet certain way in which the terms of the world's sea lingo travel about.

The great majority of the words in the vocabulary of English-speaking seamen and yachtsmen are derived from foreign tongues and date to ancient times. Their sources are confined principally to two areas. To the South, along the countries of the Mediterranean, there existed a sea language boasting a colorful and clas-

sical heritage; and from the North, along the Baltic and North seas, there came an amazing assortment of explorers, nomads and pirates, bringing with them as wild a vocabulary. Indeed, our sea term *ahoy* was originally the Viking war yell. *Stern, keel, wake* (the ship's track), *reef, windlass, raft* were also brought over by these hardy ones. When we hear that a ship is *bound* for a destination, we are using an ancient Scandinavian word meaning to prepare, to get ready, and it is still used in that sense in certain dialects of Norway.

It is of interest to mention a few of the sea words borrowed from the pillaging Angles and Saxons: *ship, hawse, sea, oar, mast, sail, steer, scuttle* (Anglo-Saxon for "hole," but what about *coal-scuttle* you ask?), *storm, bow, North, South, East, West*—all of them and more originated with these peoples. *Anchor* was also brought to England by the Angles and Saxons, but it was a southern term, the word as well as the device having been learned from the Romans.

Our noun *yacht* is derived from a Dutch word *jacht* which signified a

small boat used for pleasure. They were introduced into England, together with the term in 1660, when two Dutch yachts were presented to Charles II. Our *skipper* was also first used by these people.

Down to the southward we find a Portuguese word, *bitacola*, signifying a small dwelling. This term was to become *binnacle*. Other Mediterranean contributions to the English include *mizzen*, *compass*, *brig*, *frigate*, *pirate*, *trout*, *hulk*, *port*; and a pair which are probably used more in America than in England, *canoe* and *hurricane* were picked up from Spanish seamen who had brought them from the West Indies. *Ocean* and *prow* are inventions of Homer's, and his word for ship—*naus*—is to be found in our *nausea* and *nautical*.

Most yachtsmen are familiar with the recently designed small blue flag having a white field on which is placed a cocktail glass. This invitation flying from a yacht any time the sun is "above the yardarm" indicates open house with drinks. Many amateur boatmen disdain to use the customary titles for drinks current in the chatter of parties, and still venerate the stout old word *grog*.

Early in the eighteenth century, one Admiral Vernon found, after keeping a strict record of statistics, that his men invariably got into their worst trouble following the rum ration. To correct this condition, the Admiral introduced the practice of watering the rum—by half! The cloak

which the Admiral wore over his uniform was made of a coarse cloth called "grogram," and soon after, every man in the Service had dubbed him "Old Grog." And two words, *grog* and its obvious adjective *groggy* resulted.

America has supplied few of these words. Our one important contribution, however, is well-known, and represents one of the most popular types of the fore and aft sailing craft.

A shipbuilder up in Gloucester, Massachusetts, many years ago, launched this new type of ship. None of the natives could classify her, and the builder himself was stumped. When she went down the ways and took to the water, a bystander shouted,

"See how she scoons!"

And the builder replied, "A schooner let her be!"

Hence our well-known term *schooner* (how did it ever come to be applied to a beer mug?), a word based on the Scotch dialect *scoon* which means to skim along the water.

Probably the first thing a landsman learns in acquainting himself with professional terminology on board ship (that is, after he's conditioned to "below" instead of "down stairs"), is the distinction between the left and right sides of the vessel. Before the rudder was invented, ships were steered by a long oar, worked from the right side of the stern. Because of this fact, this side of the vessel came to be known as *steorboard* (Anglo-



Saxon), and evolved finally into *starboard*.

The left side of the ship was formerly called *larboard*, from the Middle English *ladeboard* or loading side, but its similarity to *starboard* in sound caused it to be changed to *port*, from the Latin *Portus*. The term *port* meaning the left side of the ship was in use several centuries before its official adoption by the slow-acting British Admiralty. It is generally believed that this meaning was put on the word because of the fact that when the steering apparatus was on the right side, it was necessary, in order to have free clearance for the device, to approach the port, harbor or dock on the left side. By the way, the word *dock* has been borrowed from English by many languages, and one of its first appearances in our literature in which it is used to signify "landing place," may be found in Captain John Smith's account of his voyage to Virginia.

There is a little fishing village on the North Sea not far from Antwerp called Duffel. In olden times the natives of this village used to sail over to the British Isles, carrying with them a product of their looms, a sturdy material used for making clothing. The Britishers bought it, called it *duffel*, and added two neat words to the language.

When polite people describe a distressing situation in which they may have found themselves, they frequently declare they were "takenaback."

This term originally applied to sails that had filled the wrong way because of the veering of a sudden wind.

Every business organization has a person referred to as the "main-stay," a telling adaptation from the sailing ship days. Most contemporary party-goers, after a hard night before, have been fed soda for breakfast and admonished to "brace up," a command used by many a clipper's mate long before. The old nautical favorite "stand by" became a godsend to all radio broadcasters. All of us have used the description "fagged out." Originally the frayed end of a rope was the "fag end." In recent years we have come to use "booming along" to define anything from an automobile to a business. It once applied to sailing ships and meant that all sails were set and the studding sail booms rigged—a fair weather condition always hoped for but not too often enjoyed.

By this time the reader may have approached the "bitter end" of his patience in this etymological pursuit, but may nevertheless be led on to the knowledge of still another birth. In the old days, when a ship was lying at anchor, the cable was fastened to "bitts," which objects as well as the turns of the cable, were sometimes called "bitters." In riding out a storm at anchor, when the very last foot of cable had been let out to give the vessel more scope, the foremast-hands were wont to call this situation the "bitter end."

—ERIC DEVINE



# IT IS CHEAPER TO KILL

A BROKEN TOOTH WINS MORE DAMAGES  
THAN A DEAD BODY IN OUR ODD COURTS



IT MAY be taken for granted that the average motor-maniac, shakily surveying the fruit of his handiwork, is considerably more affected by death than by mere broken arms or legs. And the rascal's mind is probably as much occupied with lawsuits and damage-verdicts as with the fate of his newest victim. It is the common notion, in brief, that the law exacts severest financial retribution from killers, and levies only proportionately so upon bone-crushers. But this, as a certain judge was wont to observe, savors of what the public thinks the law to be, rather than what it really is.

The fact is, by English common law, which is also the law of nearly all the States, human life had no legal value whatever, and it is only by reason of comparatively modern statutes that the wanton killer may be dunned at all. But even these statutes have been plugged full of holes by judicial snipers. In many states, in fact, the sum collectible for death is limited by law, but only the sky's the limit in cases of mere injury. There is a current commonplace in the law that it is cheaper to kill than to hurt; sud-

den death, indeed, being the cheapest of the lot.

The old and new concepts find statement side by side in a leading Pennsylvania case, *Gaydos vs. Domabyl* (1930): At common law there was no right in anyone to recover damages for the death of another . . . Before there can be any recovery in damages (today) . . . there must be a pecuniary loss . . . Pecuniary loss is not the same measure of damages used in an ordinary negligence case where death does not ensue. In such cases recovery may be had for medical and other expenses, physical pain and mental distress, loss of time and earning power caused by the injury; but damages in death cases do not include a claim for mental suffering, grief or distress of mind, nor the loss of society or companionship, as such.

The spectacle of the courts sanctioning damages for such things as injured thumbs, and refusing them for lifelong sorrow, started with the bald dictum of Lord Ellenborough, uttered in the year 1808. He was trying a case in which some unfortunate lady had been mortally hurt by the overturning

of a stage coach, and, according to the report of the proceedings, admonished the jury that "in a civil court, the death of a human being cannot be complained of as an injury." Even the court reporter was aghast, as a note to the case discloses, but out of this naked *ipse dixit* there was in due course fashioned the common law rule. Its blind acceptance by Anglo-Saxon judges unquestionably offers one of the most striking examples of ineptitude and regimented thinking in the history of the law. The courts, while railing against the rule, felt bound, as witness this by no means unique confession of the New Jersey Supreme Court, in an early case:

What may have been the real reason for the establishment of this rule at common law we may not be able to discover . . . but the rule must be held to one originally created for some legal reason which in the mutation of things has crumbled away, leaving the rule so crystallized as to be immovable except by legislative power.

From the beginning, only revenue-producing humans were included in the category of valuable chattels. Consequently, a miscreant might conceivably cause the untimely taking-off of a carload of infants, antiquarians, college students, wives and poets, without, however, being damaged in his own pocket. Likewise, medical and funeral expenses were held unchargeable to the culprit, death being a necessary event, anyway. And it was also gravely ruled that since the

law provided only for accidental death, malicious destroyers of life were hence immune. By this latter bit of hair-splitting, therefore, if Jarvis accidentally punctured Smythe while gunning for grouse, Smythe's heirs might count upon indemnity in due course; but if Jarvis took pot-shot at his enemy Smythe, with malice aforethought, the latter's heirs could expect no monetary solace whatever.

The casuistry employed by the courts to interpret Death Statutes led to amazing results. Thus, in Massachusetts, when Kate Mulcahey sought damages for her husband's death, the courts ruled that no just cause of complaint existed because the victim had not undergone "conscious suffering." In other words, he had been killed instantly. Mere continuance of life in the body of the victim was, moreover, ruled insufficient, and consequently, the reports from Massachusetts are replete with gruesome details attending the death throes of unfortunates. But the supreme spectacle of muddlement in this connection, was furnished by the Michigan courts in a case arising from the death of Evaline A. Aldrich. The young woman was killed in a railway accident in which her car was telescoped and took fire.

The testimony was that for several minutes, wails and groans came from the interior of the inferno, and while none of the witnesses were prepared to identify the particular cries of the victim, medical proof established that she had died from her burns. It was

proven that death from burning is rarely instantaneous. The jury allotted the sum of \$1000 for pain and suffering, \$110 for clothing, and nothing whatever for loss of life. On an appeal from the verdict, all the judges wrote separate versions of the law; the majority agreeing, however, that no conscious suffering was proved. The award of \$1000 was consequently annulled, leaving as the final result a judgment of \$110 against the defendant for having destroyed the victim's clothing.

Children being more often an expense than a source of financial enrichment, the awards for their destruction have always been pitifully meager. Thus, \$600 for a six-year-old has been declared "not shocking to the moral sense" in New York; \$450 for a boy of eight was ruled excessive in Kentucky; \$10 for a child of three was approved in Nebraska; and in Georgia an infant of three was held to have no legal value whatever. In a Maine case involving a minor, the highest court emerged from a maze of balancing possibilities, and concluding that "in fine, the parents . . . would be accounted more fortunate . . . with their son alive . . . than dead," permitted an award of \$750, although some of the judges protested the figure as extravagant. In a celebrated case wherein suit was brought for the death of Arthur Frederick Arnold, aged nine, killed by a racing car at a State Fair, the New York Appellate Court affirmed as just

an award of \$500 based upon the following exposition of law:

. . . the award must rest largely upon the possibility that, in the future, he would . . . have furnished pecuniary help to his mother . . . or aid in money . . . if she became destitute in her old age, and the law says that possibility is worth something which may be converted into money . . .

Juries being composed of laymen often find it impossible to see eye to eye with the judges. A vivid instance is supplied by a case in New Jersey in which a jury allowed \$5000 for the death of four-year-old Melville T. Graham. The trial court promptly reversed it as absurd. There followed another trial and a like award of \$5000. This time the matter came to the attention of the State Supreme Court, which, after excoriating the jury for "exhibiting passion, prejudice, partiality and corruption," continued in this vein:

. . . on the theory upon which this verdict is based the larger a man's family . . . the more likely is he to die rich. If the father had a reasonable expectation of being benefited in dollars and cents to the extent of \$5000 . . . a family of ten sons would justify the assumption that at his death he would be better off by \$50,000 . . . the mere statement of such an assumption makes itself absurdly apparent.

But even more apparent to ordinary folk must have been the court's assumption that parents abound who

might wistfully contemplate turning their progeny into a shower of silver in this fashion, for a third jury likewise allowed \$5000. After another reversal, a fourth panel compromised upon \$2000, but in an amazing fit of pique, the Appellate court threw the case out bodily, and permitted no damages whatever.

The courts of that particular state have relented in recent years, and now as much as \$3000 may be asked for a child of four. But, in contrast, an award of \$25,000 to Jean Gorman, also four, for the loss of part of an arm, was similarly approved. Across the line, in Pennsylvania, however, the Appellate court reduced an award of \$3000 for the death of a youngster to the exact amount of \$365, being the sum of the medical and funeral bills. The court explained (*Wilson vs. Consolidated Beef Co.* 1929):

The parents were in such a position that it was likely that the child would not have to work during minority.

Poor little rich boy!

In Texas, the value to be recovered for losing a wife is the replacement cost of another housekeeper. In Pennsylvania the courts have hinted that the value of a mother to her children is "something more than a housekeeper;" in New Jersey the confusion is apparent from a case brought by one Harris (1928). The law was charged to the jury as follows:

If after examining the evidence you are unable to say how much was lost in a financial way by reason of his

wife's death . . . should you be unable to translate it into dollars and cents, then there would be only one thing for you to do, and that would be to return nominal damages, or as we commonly say, 6 cents.

The jury granted 6 cents. The State Supreme Court found no error as a matter of law, but deeming the award meager, allowed a new trial. The damages were accordingly assessed at the munificent figure of \$500. Worthy of mention is the decision which ironically trails the above case in the legal tomes. One Edward Zecourt sued for injuries, and according to the facts:

. . . his injuries did not result in serious permanent disability except perhaps the loss of *some of his teeth*. At the time of his trial he appeared to be attending work as usual.

But an award of \$7000 was nevertheless approved as proper.

The attempt of a Rhode Island family to collect from a reckless driver for killing a wife and mother split the Supreme Court of that state into warring factions (*Burns vs. Brightman*, 1922). The majority after wrestling with the point, decided that before the family could collect to the tune of \$10 or \$12 a week (the prevailing wage of housekeepers), "there would have to be deducted the expense the deceased would have to incur to produce an income in that amount."

This strange niggardliness of the law is contrasted with its lavishness in other cases affecting female spouses—in breach of promise and alienation of

affection suits, for example. It is far cheaper for a booze-drunk automobilist to break a wifely neck permanently, than for a love-drunk Romeo to break her heart temporarily.

Patently, since every latitude is permitted killers, death suits present excellent opportunities to disclose all the skeletons in a victim's closet. The transgressions may be either of the deceased or the luckless heirs; and so, in Texas, one Mrs. Floyd was denied redress from her husband's highway nemesis when he produced proof that she had been a prostitute.

In Illinois, the courts followed Frank Brodie through a varied career, and determining that he was a drunkard and a ne'er-do-well, canceled an award of \$2000 for his death. In an astonishing California case (*Pell vs. Herbert*, 1917), the proof disclosed that the defendant gave his victim carbolic acid for whiskey. The culprit stubbornly contested the suit by the widow, nevertheless, protesting that the deceased had been dissolute, unthrifty, and a poor provider. Furthermore, the defense was solemnly ruled logical.

As a matter of fact, strenuous attempts have even been made by fender-felons to demonstrate that the victim's demise was a stroke of luck—resulting in a bonanza of insurance money, for example. It is not beyond the realm of plausibility that the time will arrive when the manipulator of some old rattletrap will boldly clamor for a share of the swag. But ludicrous

situations arise as in the Indiana case of *Heed vs. Gummere* (1922), where the defendant sought release on the ground that the decedent was a common gambler. The heirs bristled to the fray with the retort that while he was a gambler, he was an uncommonly good one, his large earnings contributing materially to their comfort. The tables were turned for once; but the Appellate court, soberly reflecting, refused to assume that the victim would continue to successfully flout the law, and reversed the judgment.

Idiocies of all sorts abound, and as all lawyers are aware, death actions are among the most technical in the business. Some states will not even honor the death claims by citizens of other states, although they will respect any other. Thus, for example, a resident of Maryland may commit highway murder in Pennsylvania, and, if he can manage to scramble back to his bailiwick before the sheriff can nab him, go scot free as far as the Maryland state courts are concerned.

It must be clear from all this, therefore, that the law of civil homicide is indeed in a sorry fix. Generally speaking, however, all that is required to bring about sanity in the field is a swift and final release from common-law dogma. Happily, the tendency is to blunder in this direction; for if there is anything self-evident, it is that the pampering of highway killers has continued long enough.

—J. L. BROWN

## SAFE IN A BOOK

COLLECTORS OF OLD PHONE BOOKS FIND  
BUTTERFLIES AND BILLS BETWEEN PAGES



THAT title may seem odd to you, but, after working for the Company that distributes the telephone books in two of the largest cities on the West Coast, I am beginning to believe numerous persons use a telephone book for a safety-deposit box.

About two years ago, we had a man phone us who was so excited that he could hardly speak. It seemed that he had gone home for lunch and had found a new directory. He became frantic, his conversation was something like this.

"Hello, Hello . . . Is this the place where they are putting out the new phone books?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, listen girly," he snapped, "I've got to get my old phone book back, and I don't mean maybe."

"What did you leave in it?" I calmly asked.

"What, are you a mind reader? How in the devil did you know I left anything in it?"

"You wouldn't want your old book back if you hadn't left something in it."

"Oh," he mumbled, and then

shouted, "I left ten five dollar bills in that phone book of mine. Did you hear that . . . Fifty berries."

"Since you have called us only a few hours after receiving your new book, I'm sure we will be able to return your money. If you'll leave your name, address and phone number, I'll call you around five o'clock and tell you if we have located it."

"Oh my God, don't call me at five o'clock," he said excitedly. "I won't be home then, and my wife would answer the phone. I don't want her to know about the money."

"All right, then, I'll call at six." I started to hang up the phone when I heard him scream . . . "No . . . No . . . No."

I was becoming slightly annoyed. I didn't have time to sit there and swap conversation. "Well, how on earth can I let you know whether I have found the money if I don't phone you? Would you rather have me write you a letter?" I said sarcastically.

"Listen girly, is there a man in your office?"

"Yes," I said, "but why?"

"Have him call me. You see my wife is as jealous as the very devil and I couldn't explain your call without telling her about the money." He paused, and then wistfully added, "You're a woman, can't you understand?"

I smiled to myself, "I'll have a man call you at six o'clock."

We found the right book, after looking through about two hundred, and returned the money. Now why on earth did he put the money in the phone book? I have always wanted to know. Do you suppose he had played poker the night before, and not wanting his wife to find out, had hid the money there? Well, your guess is as good as mine.

But this leaving money in phone books is not an uncommon thing. There has never been a delivery of phone books, since I have been with the Company, which is six years, that we haven't had a report of someone's leaving money in his phone book. The amount ranges all the way from five to fifty dollars. Now, not all of these people could have played poker, so, they must have used the phone book as a new kind of safety-deposit box. Thus far, they have called us in time, and we have been able to find and return the money.

Money isn't the only thing that people put in their newfangled safety-deposit box. We have found football tickets, theatre tickets, train tickets, scripts for stories and plays, but so far, some frightened person has al-

ways called us, and we have returned the lost articles. (No free football games, or trips as yet.)

One time an old lady called; her voice was high and broke with a sob. She had left an unusually good collection of butterflies in her old telephone book, and would we please, please try and get them back for her? I told her that I was sure that we could get them back, but the condition they would be in, I couldn't promise. That afternoon about three we found the book with the butterflies in it, but they were ruined, except a few.

It is a wonder to me that we are ever able to find any of these hidden treasures. Because, as the boys deliver the new books, they pick up the old ones, and throw them in the back of the car, where they bounce around until they are tied in bundles.

Thus, they are handled twice before we get them. Of course the boy doesn't have time to go through all the books, and if he did, it would probably be of no avail because in all the hundreds of thousands of books on each delivery, there are comparatively few that have anything in them.

There are many things found in the telephone books that no one ever asks for them.

Pictures of every description. We have decided that they are as a rule pictures of wifey's boy friend, or vice versa, because of the insipid sayings and signatures, seldom real names written on them.



We have another variety of pictures. The not so very nice pictures, that we imagine hubby got at the last smoker or stag party.

We also find the most amusing, if not almost educational, love letters. These are usually found without the envelope, with no address on them. Always beginning and ending with pet names. If I had saved them, I could start a school of love letter writing. The letter one should write when one has first met his best friend's wife, the letter dripping with torrid feeling, and the letter growing icy and cold, the ending of a romance.

Oh yes, I mustn't forget the handmade covers for phone books. They are made of all kinds of materials, from gingham to satin, in every color and shade, from delicate lavender to crimson red. There are two varieties of these, those that have one or two rows of ruffles around them, and those that are made on black sateen and embroidered in bright colors with bunches of violets or roses. I guess the only difference is whether the person who makes it has a ruffle personality or an embroidery personality.

One evening about six o'clock, as I was straightening up my desk preparing to leave, I saw a tall, skinny individual, of some fifty-odd years, loom up in the door of my office, looking at me with accusing eyes.

"I'm Miss So and So," she said, emphasizing the Miss.

I smiled sweetly and said, "What can I do for you?"

"Last Christmas I made two beautiful phone book covers for two of my friends. Today they were taken when they picked up the old books. Do you understand what that means? Two months of hard work," she paused and looked straight into my eyes. "NO . . . No," she said shaking her head. "You wouldn't know." Her eyes showed disgust. "You and the younger generation don't know how to use your hands. All you can do is flit around to night clubs and drink and smoke." She ran out of breath.

I ignored her accusations. "What was the material and color of your phone book covers?" I asked.

She described them in detail.

I looked in my drawer and brought out two covers. "Are these yours?"

"Yes," she beamed.

"They are beautiful," I lied.

She gave me a sour look and said, "You wouldn't know good embroidery if you saw it."

As she slammed the door, I thought, "So that is an embroidery personality. I guess the ruffle personalities are fat and married."

And so, if you should ever visit a friend, and use his phone book, and on turning to the letter G find a five dollar bill, or maybe turn to the letter M and find a slightly naughty picture, or love letter, don't think that your friend is a little tetchy. Just remember there have been hundreds of such things found before, and for me it is all in a day's work.

—MARJORIE GUERIN





THE LOUVRE, PARIS

Lucas Cranach the elder, four of whose works are reproduced on this and the following three pages, was pre-eminently the painter of the German Reformation. But his theological paintings were against the trend of his talent, and he excelled most when he was least didactic.

AUGUST, 1937



*The Effects of Jealousy* (detail from *The Fall of Man*)







THE LOUVRE, PARIS

#### PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL

Cranach delighted in portraiture, and his female portraits have a frank, childish grace. Had he lived today, modern publicity might have exploited him as the creator of "the Cranach girl"—a characteristically round-faced creature with golden hair and clear eyes.

AUGUST, 1937



KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

### THE AMOROUS OLDSTER

A dozen variations of this subject exist, some of them ascribed to Hans, one of Cranach's three artist-sons. When Cranach died in 1553, full of years, fame and wealth, the words "*celerimus pictor*" were engraved on his tombstone—so rapidly was he said to have painted.

# THE HEIGHT OF JUSTICE

TALE OF A CALIPH WHO ANTICIPATED  
MODERN METHODS OF FIXING GUILT



ALL the citizens of Bagdad were up in arms. Crowds were milling about the streets. Housewives were yelling at each other across areaways. The Caliph himself was sorely troubled. Justice must be done! The murderer must be found!

That morning early a citizen had been killed. The unfortunate man had tripped over a brick and broken his neck before the door of his neighbor as he was calling to borrow a spot of cream.

The Caliph ordered an investigation and the neighbor was brought before him on a charge of criminal negligence.

The neighbor pleaded, "Oh Mighty Caliph, my front stoop was being repaired by the mason this very morning. He is the guilty man."

The neighbor was dismissed and the Caliph ordered the mason to be brought before him.

The mason pleaded, "Oh Mighty Caliph, I was hard at work on the doorway, when my labors were interrupted by the passing of a beautiful woman in a blue gown. Her eyes, her hair, her shapely little body and her beautiful blue dress—all these en-

ticed me. I really think it was more the dress than anything else. And as my eyes looked into hers, I realized I could do naught but follow. It is not my fault that a brick lay in the neighbor's path. It is the woman who is guilty . . . She always is, Oh Mighty Caliph."

The Caliph ordered the woman to be brought before him.

The woman pleaded, "Oh Mighty Caliph, it is not my fault that I am beautiful. My beauty comes from Allah. I can't help if the mason admired my blue gown. I didn't make it, the tailor did."

The tailor pleaded, "Oh Mighty Caliph, I merely took the beautiful cloth and sewed it together. I'm not responsible. The weaver is the guilty man." The tailor was dismissed.

The weaver pleaded, "Oh Mighty Caliph, I merely wove the cloth from the silken threads. The material was a drab color when it left my shop. The dyer is the guilty man."

The weaver was dismissed and the Caliph ordered the dyer to be brought before him.

The dyer pleaded, "Oh Mighty

Caliph, the dye process has been handed down through generations of my family. I didn't invent it. And since the actual pigment is obtained from sea shells along the coast—"

But the Caliph had heard enough of this sort of thing. "Take the dyer out and hang him from the doorway," he commanded.

A short time later the Caliph heard a strange shout from the crowd gath-

ered about the doorway to watch the hanging of the dyer. "There is no justice in Bagdad." Twice this cry offended his ears. He was perturbed.

Presently a messenger threw himself before the Caliph's feet. "O! Mighty Caliph, it is impossible to hang the dyer in the doorway. He is too tall."

The Caliph thought for a second. "Find a shorter dyer," he replied.

—THOMAS G. RATCLIFFE

### HOW TO START A STALLED CAR

IF YOUR car happens to stall three miles from nowhere there is no need to get alarmed. First of all, look in your gas tank, taking care that the match you use for illumination is a safety match. The tank will be found to be half full, so *that's* not the trouble.

Now how about the distributor points? Open up your engine hood. Now close it again. You've opened the wrong side. Open the other hood, and grab a few loose wires you see. Oh-oh. Gave you quite a shock, didn't it? Now go turn off the ignition. That's better, isn't it? The next thing to do is to look at the rear end differential. Get under the car, and look up at it. Remove drop of oil from eye, and curse lightly.

Go around to front of car, open up hood, and remove a spark plug. Look in hole where spark plug came from. Pretty dark in there, isn't it? Now examine spark plug. Try to figure how it would look if there *were* something wrong with it. Curse moderately loudly. Curse two or three more times.

Prepare to put spark plug back. Discover that you have mislaid same. Curse with vehemence. Look in left hand, and discover that you have been holding it there all the time.

Go to front of car, and remove radiator cap. Scream in considerable anguish as hot water spouts over you. Deliver kick at radiator. Deliver more kicks until foot is too sore to permit further assault. Deliver lengthy and colorful oration on the character of the x—!!—x who invented automobile radiators.

Get back into car, and step on self-starter. Notice utter lack of effect. Keep on starting. Realize suddenly that you have forgotten to switch on ignition. Do so, and step on starter with great hope. Notice that it makes no difference. Leap swiftly out of car, seize large rock on side of road, and hurl it swiftly at the left door. Now walk three miles to telephone, and call up garage. Three or four days later car will be in good running order again.

—PARKE CUMMINGS



## SO PINK THE SHEET

HOW TARZAN WAS PROLETARIANIZED  
FOR AN EAST SIDE RUSSIAN DAILY



YOU are in a train or trolley car. The man next to you is reading a newspaper. You glance at it, but give up. For the sheet is in a foreign tongue. One of those Wop, Hunk, Bohunk, Spik or Yid papers published in this country.

You begin to wonder. You have heard that there are close to one thousand such newspapers in the United States and Canada and that they are doing an annual business of millions of dollars. Maybe you want to know how it is done, the sinews and mystery of it, the racket of it, so to say. Well, I cannot tell you about the thousand of them, but to give you an idea I will take you back of the scenes of one of them.

A few years ago I worked on a Russian daily in New York. It was a pro-radical but non-Communist affair, more pink than red. The office and the printing shop were in the lower reaches of Second Avenue, in an old and creaky building. Our editorial room had an old-fashioned fireplace, numerous curlicues on the wall-woodwork, and dust in geologic strata. Next to our room there drowsed the book-

store of our company; the overflow of the books and pamphlets was kept on the shelves and floor of our room. My Greenwich Village friends who visited me in this office never failed to utter little cries of delight. They thought it was rather Dickensian.

In the immigrant publishing field, with its high record of mortality, our paper was considered hoary with age if not with wisdom. A group of co-operatively inclined printers and writers had started the paper early in 1917, a month before the Tsar was overthrown. The revolution in Russia came as a lucky break to the *kóöperativtzi* in New York. The newspaper took a radical view of the situation and thus prospered.

True radicals, however, looked at our newspaper askance. For the original co-operative had been disbanded a long time ago; now, in the 1920's, the prospering establishment was the property of three young men making filthily private profits out of the protestations of their pro-Soviet fever.

Nonetheless, both Union Square and Moscow realized that the newspaper had a following. The news-

paper was continuously used by the Union Square idealists whenever they had a pressing message to those workers—an appeal to help this fund or that, an explanation of this policy or that.

The newspaper felt it its bounden duty to give its columns to such errands, though was careful not to go the whole length of the Square mode in calls to militancy and in denunciation of the capitalists and their government.

After all, our bosses remembered that most of their income stemmed not from subscriptions but from the advertisements of these very capitalists: the public utility companies, the tobacco concerns, the banks, and such. The newspaper was pro-Kremlin, yes, but there was not a single Communist in either of its three departments: editorial, business, and printing. Yet everyone of us, including our bosses, liked to be addressed as comrade.

"You men," said a Communist visitor, "are like radishes. Red on the outside, white inside."

He brought an appeal to be published in our columns. It was addressed to the American workers and the American peasants. The manifesto was signed by a literary club of Tomsk workers.

"All right, comrade," I said, "we'll publish it, but with one slight correction. You see, there are no peasants in America. Here they are called farmers."

"The Tomsk comrades can't be

wrong. If they say American peasants, it must be so."

"But, comrade, you will . . ."

"Don't argue with me! You who are red on the outside and white inside! I'm telling you, it's American peasants. Don't argue!"

## II.

The manner of our news-gathering was highly sedentary. For the tidings of the Russian colonies in America we depended on the immigrants themselves who sent in formal minutes or informal chat of their doings which we printed after various degrees of editing. For the news of the Soviet Union we had a continuous flow of Moscow and Leningrad newspapers and magazines which we clipped and reprinted extensively. Walter Durranty's dispatches we translated from the *New York Times*, for our own front page, word for word or in relevant summaries and quotes.

We also used the columns of the *Times* and other American dailies for the news of America and Western Europe which we scanned and translated diligently, as we had neither news services nor reporters or correspondents of our own. Naturally, we "class-angled" the stuff as we went along. In our daily routine there occurred many counterparts to that little tale bruited about a similar technique employed by the *Daily Worker* editors, one of whom was reported to have shoved a clipping to a colleague with the classic instruction:

"Class-angle this taxi crash, will you?"

Yet, so dependent were the Russian newspapers in this country on the columns of the American dailies that a story was told of a predecessor of mine on the staff who had once waited for the next morning's *World* to translate the news of a rain. I do not recall whether or not he class-angled it.

Personally I did the most spectacular class-angling of my career early in the depression. It was when our bosses, in order to bolster up the drooping circulation, decided to hire Tarzan, the Strong Man. Mr. Burroughs would not have recognized his own creation had it been by some stray chance retranslated from my version back into the English. A few samples of this reddened-up Tarzan may give you an inkling.

From the start, for example, it looked bad that Tarzan was the son of an English lord and lady. We could of course allow no such snobbishness in the workers' paper. Accordingly, I de-lorded and de-ladied Tarzan's parents, presenting them as modest and democratic Professor So-and-So and his equally un-uppity wife. For men of science are acceptable to the masses.

By the end of the strip's first month there was a wedding scene. Tarzan was getting married in a *church* ceremony.

Most of our readers being strongly anti-priest and anti-church, I cut out the entire church scene. In the blank space resulting I primly explained that the great ape-man and his sweetie were married. The readers took it for

granted that it was a civil ceremony.

Later in the story there appeared a villain whom Mr. Burroughs had as a Russian. Quite a problem. Yet, I emerged triumphant by saying in my text that this particular Russian was a tsarist spy and a White Guard hangman. The Russian Whites in this country (who, as it now appeared, had been surreptitiously reading our newspaper for the Tarzan strip) raised a howl. But our legitimate readers were delighted, and they spread the good word among their fellow-workers, and we had more readers than ever.

Yet later in the strip and story there bobbed up another Russian villain. It would not have sounded like Real Life were I to make another fiend a White Guard. Yet, his Slavic whiskers and name were unmistakable. So I made him a Pole. My Russian readers, who never liked Poles, were delighted.

So were my bosses. They could not recall a feature more successful with our readers than this Russianized tree-climber. Not only from various parts of this continent but from the Soviet Union as well we received our readers' acclaim of the lions' chum. Some of those who wrote did so to inquire the way to the nearest jungle. A few were convinced that Tarzan was a real person. Some informed us they had met him. We published those letters, solemnly. A number of our Russian strips of Tarzan's feats we issued in book form, and they sold well. There

was a request for two of these volumes from the Kremlin, and at that from no less a person than a member of the Kremlin's commandant-staff who was on our subscription list.

### III.

Of the twenty-odd Russian newspapers in America, ours claimed to be the largest and most popular. Our success with the masses, such as there was, could easily be explained not only by our pro-Soviet non-Communist program but also by the close attention we gave to our readers' personal problems.

Many of them had been illiterate before they came here; they first conquered their Russian ABC with the help of our sheet. We helped them through the maze of American laws and customs. Even when they had to write a letter or pay a visit to Russia they came to us for aid and advice. For the new Sovietized fatherland was as much of a puzzle to them as this harsh Yankeeland.

Many gave up their American jobs and returned to Russia, for good. We had a hard task dissuading some from distributing their savings among their friends remaining behind or giving their moneys away to utter strangers at street corners. For they had heard that no money was necessary in New Russia. The Soviet government took care of you. We would later get enthusiastic letters from these pilgrims describing the paradise they had at last gained. But there would also be occasional complaints from those who,

on arriving, missed American coffee, iced water, and above all, American movies; who had been spoiled by their years of life in this country to the extent where now, in Soviet restaurants, they were displeased by eggs cooked too long but not too soon.

Not all of our flock were vitally concerned with the USSR. There was many a reader whose main interest was to find and trap his wife who had run away with the bankbook and the boarder. Then there were many inventors who needed our assistance to market their newly conceived airplanes, calendars, accordions, and perpetual-motion machines. At least once a day there would be a visitor who wanted the columns of our newspaper for his treatise proving some such point as that Christ's resurrection was a mere trick of electricity.

We were also kept busy assuaging idle minds. Our readers were passionate propounders of questions, the answers to which they expected to find in our columns. To the majority in our audience, the question-and-answer department, many columns long, was *the* newspaper. Your immigrant will stand for ridiculously late or scanty news, outrageously illiterate articles, real estate ads brazenly written as editorials, and many other atrocities. But his queries, no matter how queer, had to be answered promptly, correctly, and in great detail.

A Manhattan window-cleaner was tortured with curiosity as to the exact

number of humans who had lived in this world since Adam. A bearded farmer of Saskatchewan prairies sent us his photo with the suggestion that we publish it: he wished to know whether he could thus find a double; everyone had a double, why not he? An exasperated butler asked for addresses of inexpensive bawdy-houses nearest to the doubtful eden of his Pasadenian employment. A street-sweeper in Chicago, about to become an American citizen, believed in the uncannily occult powers of the editors: he expected them to know the name of the ship which in times unknown had brought the white-wing to the States, said data demanded of him by the naturalization officials. A reader of uncertain occupation wrote from Kansas City:

"Will there be another world deluge? If yes, when?"

A New York house-painter wanted to know:

"Suppose I stick a stick into the ground. Now there is a hole. But where is that particular bit of earth that had occupied the space now occupied by the hole?"

Among our readers there were concluded innumerable bets on a wide variety of topics in history, geography, biology and physics, and we had to decide them. These were money bets, and the grateful winners often offered us part of their take-in.

The readers accepted the newspaper and us as infallible. Once a lanky hag climbed the editorial stairs and re-

quested one of us to write a letter calling her wayward mate back to her bed and table.

"Are you illiterate, comrade?" asked the editor.

"Quite literate, comrade editor. I read your paper every day, and I write pretty well. But he will return if *you* write the letter."

One day a woman wrote from a rural district in Michigan begging my advice on her problem. Her parents had married her off to a fellow-Russian, giving her a rich farm as a wedding present. Now her husband was ill with consumption but not bedridden. As is often the case with t. b. people, he had an abnormal need of physical love. But she did not love him, she wrote, had never loved him. Since both of them were Greek Catholics no divorce was possible. What should she do?

I looked up the property and divorce laws of Michigan, and wrote to her explaining just how she could send her husband to a sanatorium, keep her farm, and secure a divorce. A few weeks later I received from her the following letter:

Thank you, Citizen Editor, ever so much for your good advice. As my subscription expires this month, I enclose here my money-order for another year, but please send the paper in my name, not my husband's. For he hanged himself on a rope, and is not among the living any more. When I got the law on him as you advised me he said he won't leave me, and

won't go to no sanatorium He couldn't live with me and he couldn't live without me, and I thank you very much once again.

#### IV

But the editors were no less interesting than the readers.

One of my colleagues was known as the Father of Futurism. He claimed that he had been in the field before Marinetti, certainly before Mayakovsky. He had had a stormy career; now sadly he reminisced how in 1911 or 1912 he was paid one thousand rubles, or five hundred dollars, for one night's lecture-recital. All his life he wrote poetry and painted. His English was barbarous, but he managed to translate dispatches from the American newspapers into the slipshod Russian of our newspaper.

In memory of his Futurist past he wore multicolored vests of velvet or silk and appended a huge earring to his left ear. To round out his income, he lectured before the many Russian clubs of the Eastern states at five or seven dollars a throw. While lecturing he hawked his poetry which he and his ikon-like wife printed in slim, crazy-looking brochures, with titles in bold type: I SHAKE HANDS WITH WOOL-WORTH BUILDING, OR, THE RHINOCEROS NEEDS A HANDKERCHIEF. To attract customers he not only donned his vests and dangled his earrings, but also attached a fork to his coat lapel and lighted a cerise candle in front of him.

Then there was the Baron. Formerly he was a tsarist consu in this country;

his family had been for centuries quite high up in Russia's governing and diplomatic circles. In 1918, the Baron shifted his allegiance to the radical cause, but never made a brilliant or convincing job of it, for he was modest and retiring. The White Russians in America hated him for his "treason" while the pro-Soviet groups suspected that he had gone radical for the sake of a job rather than a principle. Everywhere he was called "the Sovietsky Baron." On our newspaper he did translations and original articles; but above all, he was an expert on wrestling, that passionate pastime of immigrants in America, Russians in particular. Once or twice a glimpse of his bald, bespectacled round head appeared in the newsreel of a match, and these occasions were among the most thrilling moments of the Baron's post-revolutionary career. On the side, to supplement his editorial salary, the Baron sold insurance, quietly, doggedly, good-humoredly, and not very successfully. He, too, knew how to tell a story, for he had studied and served in many foreign points replete with wine, women and song. He would start with a casual query:

"Did I ever tell you how back in 1908 I was *papa d'Afrique*?"

And there would follow a fantastic, breath-taking, side-splitting tale, told calmly, matter-of-factly. They knew how to tell stories, those men, even though they seldom knew how to write them. But, then, the kind of stories they told were not exactly

the stuff our newspaper wanted.

When a capable, truly professional writer joined our staff he was remembered a long time after his departure. Thus, for a few years, we had in our editorial midst a man who used to be a secretary to Isadora Duncan and her Soviet lover-poet, the blue-eyed boyish Sergei Yessenin. They needed a bi-lingual secretary because Isadora did not speak Russian while Sergei did not know English. Our man had written a novel and a number of sketches of pungent Nietzscheanism; it was in a similar cynical mood that he became the pair's secretary-go-between. He was now in his late twenties.

He was totally indifferent to the fate of the articles he wrote for us, so long as he was paid his weekly sixty dollars. When the make-up man would ask what to do with this or that piece of his, he would turn his lacklustre eye on the printer and, in his thin and even voice, give some unprintable advice.

The sixty weekly dollars were not enough, he felt. He tried to make money on horses, and patronized the corner barbershop full of loud, cunning East Side bookies. He lost, of course. In his spare time he wrote scenarios. Also, in collaboration with his friend Alexis Tolstoy, formerly of Paris but now of Moscow, he translated one of Eugene O'Neill's plays. The play was produced on the Soviet stage, but our man claimed he never did get his share of royalties from Tolstoy. Instead, you will find, in one

of Tolstoy's latest novels, a thinly disguised portrait of Duncan's ex-secretary, and not at all flattering at that.

But Hollywood did at last buy one of the scenarios. Our man immediately quitted us. He was red no more, nay, not even pink. Later he became an associate editor of one of the largest popular American magazines where the Grand Duke Alexander's reminiscences used to appear. He's doing well.

But if this upward curve from a radical editorship to a Duke's ghosting seems spectacular, consider the case of another of my colleagues. In Russia he had been a hotel manager, on our newspaper he made a pretty good editor of the immigrants' chronicle. He was a fine, solid, imposing figure. His writing was radical, almost revolutionary, and that was all right, too. But the bosses began to frown when he dragged his marital troubles into the daily routine of the newspaper, when he kept food in his desk and ate it at all hours of work, and finally when his fits of epilepsy grew too frequent for the comfort of the other editors (though the readers who happened to be visiting at the moment were, as a rule, fascinated). He was discharged. But he had studied English diligently while working on the newspaper, and, despite his professed redness, he had quietly made contacts with missionaries. And so, a few months after he was fired by our comrade-bosses, we learned that he had become a Methodist preacher.

—ALBERT PARRY



## HE NEVER FLEW

IN EVERY TOWN THERE IS AN INSPIRED  
TINKERER WHO WILL TRY ANYTHING FIRST



THERE were screws and wires on the kitchen table. Pop Bill shoved them and frowned at me.

I recognized the scowl—lifting of the right brow, slight flaring of his nostrils and a peculiar pout of the lips—as a signal that something surprising was about to happen. He gave the big mass of twisted wires another push and lifted a mysterious bundle from the floor onto the table.

Slowly his grease stained fingers undid the wrappings while I hopped from one foot to the other in anticipation.

The fingers paused. Pop looked at me sternly. This expression meant disapproval. I put both feet on the floor and for a while was quiet, though I slowly rolled a screw round and round on the table with a grubby forefinger.

The unwrapping continued and at last there emerged a shiny cylinder about which was wrapped copper wire, smoothly shellacked; along the top of the coil the shellac had been scraped away to form a bright furrow, above which ran a brass rod. And atop the rod was an impressive knob.

Also, there was a lumpish looking stone that Pop Bill called a galena and unpacked reverently, and a thin wire that, with his most fierce scowl, he called "the cat's whisker."

He tightened screws and frowned and glared and pouted and, after a long minute of tickling the galena with the cat's whisker, while he held a flat disc to his ear, finally stood erect. He put the disc against my ear.

There was music!

"That," said Pop slowly, "comes all the way from Pittsburgh."

Pop was always the first in the neighborhood to own any new mechanical contraption. We had the first player piano in the village, the first shower bath, the first carpet sweeper. Ours, too, was the first and only stereopticon machine in Leaville.

I remember the stereopticon machine particularly because of the extraordinary clumps of gray something that he somehow mixed with something else to give light to the projector; a terrible odor and a hiccupping noise came out of the can that held the mixture at every performance of the machine. Pop Bill gravely as-



sured all of us, Nana Het and Aunt Kate and Second Cousin Alley and me, that the noise meant the whole shooting match would explode at any instant.

Much as I enjoyed the excitement of the darkened room, the white bed sheet hung against the wall on which appeared magically enlarged "S'Matter Pop" comic strips out of the New York *Globe* and scenes from the Holy Land, I expected to be catapulted suddenly skyward. This gave a deliciously terrifying zest to the entertainment; I trembled partly with dread and partly with the chill of the strawberry "snowball" that coldly burned in my hand. Even yet, strawberries inevitably remind me of acetylene fumes.

We survived the stereopticon without injury, and lived to have our bones jolted in a Stanley Steamer, a steam propelled automobile. Fortunately we were all indoors getting ready for an extensive excursion to Elmhurst—a distance of twenty miles each way—the morning the boiler exploded and wrecked the car.

This startling display of the power of steam roused all Leaville. But it couldn't daunt Pop. Within six months we rolled along the turnpike to Elmhurst in an imported Renault—pushed by gasoline this time—and only paused to change tires twice in the whole three hours' drive there and back.

Things seemed to happen all at once after that.

An open air movie show—high

board walls, cement floor, rain-ruined seats—opened across the street, and at dusk all Leaville with the exception of the pillars of the M. E. Church came to occupy the seats, to discourage mosquitoes with lighted punks, and to groan at the misfortune of Clara Kimball Young, cheer the heroism of Maurice Costello and roar at the pie-throwing of a little man in a derby whose name was Charlie Chaplin.

But Pop Bill hammered and thumped upon our roof all of one Saturday afternoon. At twilight, frowning mysteriously, he led us up the narrow stairs from the attic. A high platform had been erected near the edge of the slanted roof and upon it were chairs. Gingerly Nana Het and Second Cousin Alley and I followed him along the narrow planking before the chairs; somehow each achieved a terrifyingly elevated seat upon the platform. Henceforth, every clear night, the whole family (with the exception of Aunt Kate who trembled at the very thought of venturing upon the roof) enjoyed the show gratis while our feet dangled three stories above the King's County Turnpike.

Movies in those days were full of portentous notes written in flourishing long hand; and alas, we were too far away from the screen, on our lofty platform, to decipher these. Pop, however, solved this by somehow combining the lenses of his now unused stereopticon to make a spy glass. Through this he peered—like an anxious mar-

iner in a crow's nest—perched upon his chair, and read the significant words aloud. Far away the movie piano—(played by Al Lockhart's girl, Mealie) tinkled the *Skater's Waltz*, while he intoned the forged message that brought prison and terrible disgrace to the nervous young man in the high celluloid collar.

Best of all, Pop liked the travelogues. But he laughed only occasionally during the pie-throwing scenes and then grudgingly; his favorite among the comedians was Al St. John, a blond young man who did incredible things on a bicycle.

Those were thrilling nights, but the days were no less exciting. Rumpel's Butcher Shop installed an electric meat-chopper; Jurgen's Grocery rivaled it with an electric coffee-grinder; and Huger's Confectionery, not to be outdone, put in an electric ice-cream freezer that by its subterranean thumping made the glasses on the soda bar rattle. But Pop's was the first household in the village to be wired for light.

This marked the beginning of a new era. Came an electric sewing machine, then an electric waffle cooker. Next we got an electric laundry iron and an electric comfort pad for Aunt Kate's rheumatism which, incidentally, that apprehensive lady never dared to use. Even the stereopticon machine was dragged out of the cellar and restored to favor with an electric bulb replacing the odorous acetylene arrangements.

On Christmas an electric train

went dizzily round and round the base of our tree, stretching a marvelous finger of light before it. The tree itself was a glory of uncountable electric bulbs.

And all that winter and until the summer when Nana Het died, you could see the light that flashed on and off in our window behind the ground glass sign of Pop Bill's name with the awesome word **ELECTRICIAN** underneath it.

He turned out the sign after Nana Het was buried. He went to his job at the shop in New York but no longer sought after odd electrical work in the neighborhood of Leaville.

Just recently I saw Pop Bill for the first time in six years. After I went away to school, he said, and Aunt Kate and Alley went back to New Bedford to grandpa's, he just let everything go and started traveling. He has been around the world three times; worked as a maintenance man in a pressroom in Shanghai, helped to set up elevators in Vladivostok and helped to construct an electric ferry that was hopeful of running between Malmo, which is in Sweden, and Copenhagen, Denmark.

In Dundalk, on the Irish Sea, he repaired bicycles and motor bikes; at Montpellier on the Gulf of Lions he worked side by side with a man who was inventing a marvelously rapid wine-press.

Now his chin was grizzled with gray and when he frowned lines that I did not remember formed beside his eyes;

but his excitement at meeting me after so long had made him talkative—he who had been taciturn and grim.

He wanted to see the airport, he said. In the bus going there he talked aimlessly of the carefully guarded fire that night and day, behind a tin fence, burns off the surplus coffee beans in Rio.

Then irrelevantly he spoke of a man named Josie with whom he had installed oil pumping machinery at Baku, south of the mountains on the Caspian Sea.

"It was a queer kind of business," he said, frowning at the memory, "because the water, you know, is actually more than eighty feet below sea-level."

We had got to the airport. As we got off the bus a silver wing glided overhead. Before us were planes, warming up; even as we walked toward them, one took off with a roar like an angry dragon.

"They wouldn't let me fly," said Pop Bill savagely. "Claimed I was too old to pass. Out in Frisco that was."

"I've never been up," I confessed shamefully.

His eyes were on the plane that now grew smaller and smaller toward the south. "Greatest thing in the world," he growled; "you're missing something."

"Why that new one they got, the big one, y'know, averages 'bout two hundred fifty a n'our."

Suddenly and somehow sadly I recalled the Stanley Steamer, the Renault, the first top heavy Hudson, the

brass-banded Ford and all the other high-bodied, thin-tired cars that had chugged me through adolescence and childhood.

"Pop Bill," I asked, "do you remember—?"

But I stopped because he was not listening. Eyes full of profound admiration, he gazed absorbedly to the south. The windy sky was empty where the plane had so lately throbbed.

"Gone, gone already," he whispered, "gone clean outa sight."

"But, Hell," he exclaimed, "that's nothin'. Say, listen, there's a little Dutchman in Augsburg—Southa Germany, y'know—that's actually got together a plane that goes by rocket power. He claims it's gonna do six hundred when he gets it workin'."

"But Bill, why should anyone want to travel that fast—even if he could?"

The old frown of disapproval came back. I was a little boy, again, being reprimanded for impatience. He did not answer the question, but turned slowly back to the field where yet another bright monster stood, sun glistening on its rounded flank.

"Believe it or not," said Pop to no one in particular, "we ain't reached the limit yet."

As he walked away, hands in his pockets, pipe stuck stubbornly between his teeth, the plane toward which he sauntered no longer looked so impossibly big. Pop, a little man with grease beneath his finger nails, seemed somehow to have dwarfed it.

—R. E. KORNMAN

## CITY OF ANGELS

WITH THE NORTH POLE AS A BOUNDARY  
LOS ANGELES CONTINUES TO EXPAND



THERE was a good and beautiful queen who ruled over an island that was peopled only by women. Ruler and subjects made their homes in caves hewn out of solid rock. They owned no metal other than gold out of which their weapons, utensils, and ornaments were fashioned. And the ladies loved war and plunder. The name of the queen was Califa and the island, "on the right hand of the Indies," was known as California.

Thus ran a favorite tale of the Crusaders, one that was highly popular with the early Spanish explorers of America. The latter bestowed the name of this mythical island upon the California peninsula, which they thought an island near the mainland of Asia.

In the summer of 1769 the Portola expedition was traveling northward from San Diego to find the Bay of Monterey. On July 23, the expedition was startled by an earthquake shock of tremendous violence. Gaspar de Portola recorded that the quake lasted "about half as long as an Ave Maria." On August 2, the day following Saint Francis' Indulgence of

Porciuncula, a river was discovered and was promptly named Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles de Porciuncula. The leader noted a site for a possible mission or settlement and because it was a special feast day of the Virgin Mary named it, too, for Our Lady Queen of the Angels.

On August 3, the expedition came to swamps on the waters of which floated a substance the men thought a kind of pitch. Portola theorized that this might be the cause of the earthquakes and went on. All the Spanish explorers were on the alert for metallic gold. Few could have dreamt that here lay the evidence of the presence in the surrounding hills and valleys of petroleum, the liquid gold of later generations. Not until 1781 was a pueblo founded on the site that had been named with such a flowing title.

Felipe de Neve, Spanish governor, was responsible for its founding. The pueblo, as de Neve outlined it, was to be a communal project with a common square or plaza in the center on the order of the ancient Roman and Teutonic towns, house lots around it, then the fields and the pasture lands

beyond. To each settler was to be given a town lot and four fields, two mares, two horses, two sheep, two goats, one mule, a yoke of oxen, one plowshare, one hoe, one spade, one axe, one sickle and one wood-knife. No settler could sell or mortgage his land or sell or kill his animals, except under strict regulations, and to curb greed and avarice on the part of the over-enterprising, none could own more than fifty animals at one time.

On September 4, 1781, El Pueblo del Rio de Nuestra Señora La Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula, or the town of the river of Our Lady, was officially founded with a total population of forty-four persons, eleven families consisting of eleven men, eleven women and twenty-two children. Ethnologically the settlement was a merry hodgepodge with Spanish, Negro and Indian blood mixed in every conceivable degree. The first mayor or *alcalde* was Jose Vanegas, a full-blooded Indian settler.

The skies must have been as cloudless then as the Chamber of Commerce boasts it is now for the first communal work of the pueblo was the construction of an irrigation ditch from the Porciuncula, the present day Los Angeles river, to the planting-fields. It is interesting that not far from the pueblo itself lay an Indian village called Yang-na whose inhabitants were of distinct Asiatic cast and little like the average North American Indian. Some historians believe these aborigines were very much like the

Aleuts of the north and must have been part of a migration that crossed the Bering Straits from Asia or came over when the two continents were still joined together. Others advance the possibility, and support it with some interesting evidence, that these Indians were descendants of the survivors of shipwrecked Chinese junks that had foundered on this portion of the Pacific Coast.

In view of the reputation that the town acquired a generation later as "the toughest place on the frontier" it is significant that the first public building erected by the pueblo was a guardhouse. For, as the pueblo grew, more and more of the citizenry seemed to make a pastime of revolting against every new set of public officials that arrived from the Mexican capital. At one time a prefect had so much trouble with sporadic insurrections that he used to write the name of the troublesome pueblo as "Los Diablos" instead of Los Angeles.

The infiltration of Yankee blood helped a little but it in no way quenched the appetite for revolts. The first American settler was a raiding privateer, Joseph Chapman of the Maine woods, who came to loot a hacienda, was captured, taken into the community on probation, married a local daughter and eventually became a leading light. Pioneers began to come over the mountains. They were at first unwelcome but they were persistent fellows and finally married into the best families and became

good citizens, even to the extent of adopting Spanish names.

All of California was first taken from Mexico without the firing of a single shot or the loss of a single life. No sooner was the American flag raised in Los Angeles than the inhabitants, apparently realizing they had missed an opportunity for a good fight, started a new rebellion, this time against the Americans. They won several battles before they were finally prevailed upon to accept the new administration. The new officials promptly, for miserable sums, squandered all of the city's lands so that later on and down to modern times land for public buildings and schools had to be bought back.

The growth of the city after the completion of the transcontinental railways was truly phenomenal. But for a time, with the Gold Rush attracting thousands to San Francisco and the surrounding areas, Los Angeles was left by the wayside. By 1890, however, it had multiplied seven times over to a population of more than 50,000. Thirty years later the city contained 576,673 persons and the last official census in 1930 gave Los Angeles a population of 1,238,048 and the rank of fifth city in the United States. From its original area of thirty-six square miles it grew to four hundred forty-two square miles, in size the largest city in the world. The jests about the signs reading "Los Angeles City Limits" are legion but it is probably not true that

somewhere in the Arctic circle stands a signpost reading "North Pole—50 miles—Los Angeles City Limits."

The years when Los Angeles was a tough town were between 1850 and 1870. The first public school was not built until 1855. The first newspaper, *The Star*, was started in 1851 when a press was shipped around Cape Horn in a windjammer. But the local vigilantes or The Rangers had, literally, a riotous time. In twenty years, aside from a score of legal hangings, they assisted at thirty-seven lynchings. A mayor doffed his civic robes to preside at one of the finer necktie parties. The high spot came on October 4, 1871, when Chinatown was looted and eighteen innocent Chinese were lynched. From that day the city has been more subdued.

With the completion of the transcontinental railways, the establishment of the citrus fruit industry on a paying basis, the real estate boom of the '80's and the discovery of oil, the City of Angels became more self-conscious of its importance. Horse-cars appeared on the streets, the paving of thoroughfares began, a sewer system was initiated and still later the Los Angeles Aqueduct was planned and constructed to bring water to the metropolis all the way from the High Sierra two hundred thirty-eight miles away, no mean engineering feat.

The year 1910 was a momentous one in community history. On October 1, in the midst of labor and capital difficulties, came the dyna-

ming of the *Times* plant with a loss of twenty lives, an event that left the *Times* bitterly conservative and suspicious of social and economic progress. For the next twenty-five years and up to the reforms of the National Recovery Act the whole of Southern California presented almost a united front against labor. Recent events are slowly altering the picture.

The same year saw inclusion of the town of Hollywood into the city boundaries. The first complete motion picture made in Los Angeles, however, was *In the Sultan's Power*, filmed in 1908. D. W. Griffith did not arrive with the Biograph Company until two years later. Lasky, DeMille and Dustin Farnum arrived in Hollywood in 1913 and made *The Squaw Man*. These early companies rented old barns for their studios. The average sound stage of today, steel-ribbed and stuccoed, could house about ten of those early studio barns.

Two other events of importance to the motion picture industry and the city at large were the making of *The Birth of a Nation* and the importation by William Fox of plump Theodosia Goodman. As Theda Bara she brought a new glamour to pictures and made America "vamp"-conscious. Mae West must have been in her teens then.

With the population more than doubling in the decade following 1920 it was not surprising that nearly everyone a new arrival meets in Los Angeles is a "stranger," eager to converse with anyone from Back Home.

The contingent from the Middle West is so great that when the Iowans have their annual picnic the city is almost deserted.

Angelenos are not even as touchy about the weather as one might expect. Oh, yes, it rains, they admit cheerfully, but look at all the cloudless days. The Weather Bureau's figures give the city an average annual rainfall of only fifteen inches and an average of only thirty-seven rainy days a year.

Earthquakes? Well, says a native—that is, one who has been in the city for more than a year—there is the story of the Kansan who was frightened by a wee little California temblor. So he packed up and went home and was promptly killed in a Kansas cyclone. A sample of sound local humor. When one considers there are no Florida hurricanes here, no Eastern floods, no Midwestern dust-storms and tornadoes, what's an earthquake between friends, especially when it's likely to happen anywhere these days, even in Chicago and New York?

To one accustomed to the cities of the East the local transportation facilities are most deadly. There is neither elevated system nor subway and the street-cars are mostly antiques. The fares on the trolley-lines and buses are paid by zones with limited transfer privileges. The average wage-earner must either own a car or be prepared, if he has any distance to travel to his place of work, to



pay daily fares amounting to forty cents or more. The largest city newspapers sell for five cents, although there is a tabloid at two cents and two other papers at three cents.

It would be more difficult to estimate what percentage of the annual immigration is due to the lure of pictures. The growth of the cinema capital and the recruiting of writers and artists have undoubtedly stirred awake a sense of culture. And the development of many residential districts has undoubtedly been caused by the permanent establishment of these higher salaried individuals.

This partly accounts for the building boom in small homes and apartments under way now. Accompanying it is a pronounced attitude against families with children. Couples with one child are regarded by many local landlords as having made one mistake. Families with two children meet with gentle but firm disapproval: what, twice? Three children are looked upon with dismay, as though to say, "Have you folks nothing else to do?" Where larger families live, unless they purchase their own homes, is difficult to understand.

Spreading out over mountains and valleys Los Angeles was nevertheless in 1931 rated as the eighth among American cities in manufactures with oil refining, machinery, building materials, furniture, meat-packing, rubber tires, clothing and aeroplane construction close behind the production of motion-pictures. The Port of Los

Angeles is the man-made San Pedro Harbor, the most important shipping center outside of New York and the largest port in intercoastal traffic.

In contrast to the new and beautiful outlying sections the metropolitan district, affectionately called "L.A." by the inhabitants, is dingy and redolent of the Nineties. A bit of a Mexican district, centering about the famous Olvera street, still remains for the benefit of tourists, with other foreign quarters huddling close by. Probably the only evidences of a past history preserved today are in the La Brea Pits, the swamps, which Portola, the explorer, saw here in 1769.

Seventy years ago when the systematic extraction of asphalt was begun bones were frequently found. Geologists soon discovered that in these pits, a series of crater-like declivities filled with oil-soaked sand and earth and directly above a formation of shale, were fossil beds. The largest collection in the world of Pleistocene fossils was recovered, for in prehistoric times animals coming to drink the surface water were trapped in the mire and perished.

The number of victims can hardly be estimated but elephants, mastodons, giant ground-sloth, extinct camel and an extinct species of horse were found. From one pit were recovered 185 skulls of prehistoric wolf and 268 of the sabre-toothed tiger. Apparently there were great goings-on in the City of Angels even in prehistoric times.

—LOUIS ZARA



THE REVOLT OF THE ANIMALS  
AFTER DRAWINGS BY GRANDVILLE, 1843



*"Down with men, who hunt us for their  
sport, enslave us for their toil, even  
devour us for their greed . . ."*

AUGUST, 1937



*The wisest of them pondered . . .*

CORONET



*The shrewdest of them argued . . .*

AUGUST, 1937



*Some tried to gain power by peaceful parley . . .*



*But it took the force of arms.*

AUGUST, 1937



*So the age of animal freedom came . . .*



*And the arts flourished . . .*

AUGUST, 1937



*Beauty and refinement flowered . . .*

CORONET





*Along with culture and breeding . . .*

AUGUST, 1937



*The animals hailed their happy state . . .*



*Where wisdom reigned serene . . .*

AUGUST, 1937



*But soon some exploited others . . .*

CORONET



*And idleness soon began again . . .*

AUGUST, 1937



*And so, alas, did vanity . . . and sin.*

## TALKING PICTURES

PROGRAM NOTES ON A FEW OF THE  
PHOTOGRAPH PAGES IN THIS ISSUE



THERE is a temptation to take this entire page to tell about the sculptured forms, twisted out of brass and copper wire, by Berthold Ordner of Vienna which appear on pages 138 and 139. But in an issue so rich in comment-compelling photographs as this one that would hardly be fair, so your attention must be directed, at least, to such unusual pictures as Erwin Blumenfeld's "solo-duo," *Effect of Two in One*, in which one portrait gives the effect of a couple, and to *Abstraction*, in which Don Wallace, gone slightly surrealistic, achieves portraiture by selection of significant detail. And perhaps mention should be made, if only defensively, of the perennial pastorals by Hungarian photographers, because we do seem to run to quantity in them. But can we help it if the best photographs seem consistently to be produced by Hungarians? Besides, in *Blue Monday* and in *Vocation*, we finally manage to present a couple of Hungarian photographs that *aren't* "of poet and peasant all compact." Pause should be made, too, to note that *Surface and Substance*, by Vollmer out of Black Star, are

"outer and inner" pictures of the same set of breakfast-filled dishes . . . and that *Soap Figure* on page 132 was sculptured, as well as photographed, by Stephen Deutch who is high man this month with eight photographs in this issue . . . and that Robert Gordon's *French Horn* really is a horn and not the Normandie's engine . . . and that the strange shapes called *Imbibe* and *Inhale* are . . . but no, Herr Ordner really must have the rest of this space. The point is, Berthold Ordner is blind. That is not all that makes his twisted wire figures wonderful. Made with a wire cutter and pincers as the only tools, they would be wonderful no matter who made them or how. But the fact that they are made by a blind man does double their wonder. He was a bank cashier, who had always wanted to be an artist but "had no time." When he lost his sight in '29 he had nothing else. He began playing with wire just to keep his hands busy. Today he is an artist. Losing his sight he gained his life's desire. His figures may be seen at the Newhouse Galleries, on 57th St. just off Fifth Ave., in New York.

AUGUST, 1937



ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

EFFECT OF TWO IN ONE

CORONET





DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

ABSTRACTION

AUGUST, 1937



LÁSZLÓ HORVÁTH

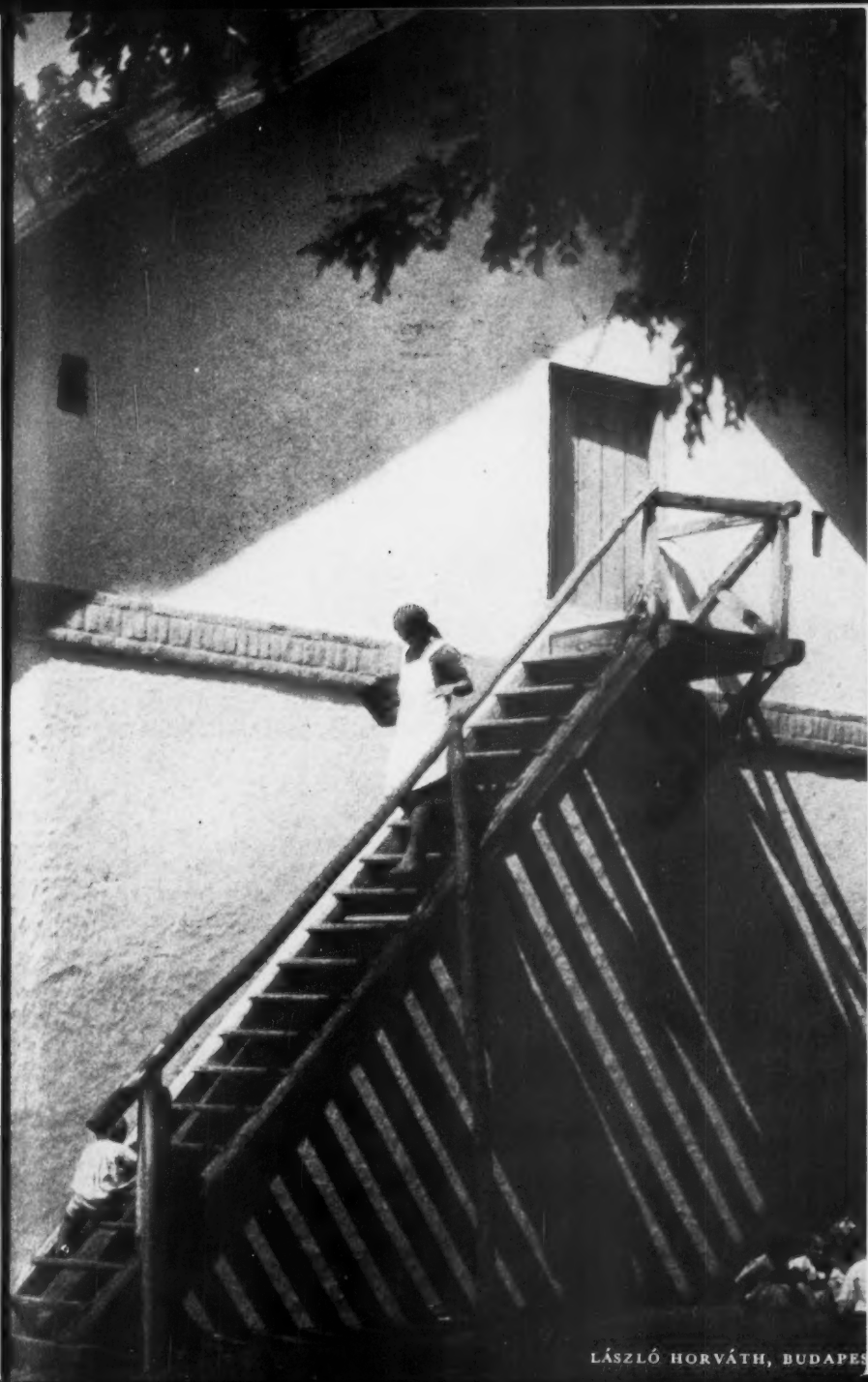
BUDAPEST

ROOSTER AND HEN

CORONET







LÁSZLÓ HORVÁTH, BUDAPEST



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

MODERN

CORONET



DQN WALLACE

CHICAGO

ETERNAL

AUGUST, 1937





H. TOTT

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

WORKADAY

CORONET

AND

IN SYBILLE VON KASSEL, BERLIN



DR. PAUL WOLFF

FROM BLACK STAR

## SAND PATTERN

CORONET



STAR

WESTLIN

CHICAGO

# CLOUD PATTERN

AUGUST, 1937



LLOYD G. INGLES

DURHAM, CALIF.

COME AND GET IT

CORONET



BILL BRANDT

LONDON

JOY UNCONFINED

AUGUST, 1937



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

POSING FEMALE

CORONET



HÜBSCHMANN

FROM BLACK STAR

U-BEAR

AUGUST, 1937





ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

ALPINE SIESTA

CORONET



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

ARTEMIS TODAY

AUGUST, 1937



FRITZ HENLE

FROM EUROPEAN

## CLOSING TIME

CORONET



LÁSZLÓ HORVÁTH

BUDAPEST

BLUE MONDAY

AUGUST, 1937



F. HUTZLI

REICHENBACH, SWITZERLAND

# SWISS MOVING-DAY

CORONET



HARRISON FORMAN

NEW YORK

LOVE IN LAPLAND

AUGUST, 1937



DR. AJTAY-HEIM

BUDAPEST

## HOPE CHEST

CORONET



VOJTA ČENĚK, KOŠICE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA





KÁROLY KLETZ

MISKOLC, HUNGARY

VOCATION

CORONET

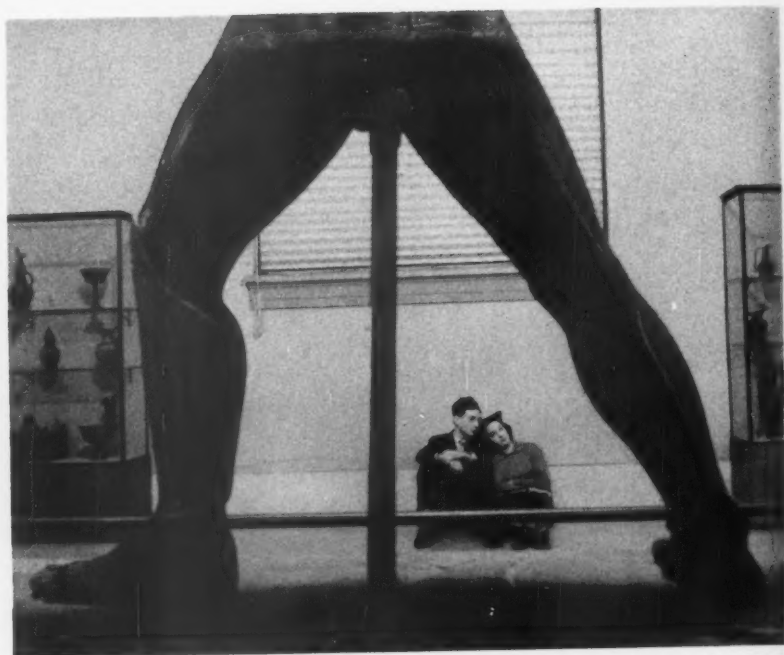


NORA DUMAS

FROM BLACK STAR

## AVOCATION

AUGUST, 1937



VICTOR DE PALMA

FROM BLACK STAR

STE

# TOGETHER

CORONET



TAR

STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

ALONE

AUGUST, 1937



MAURICE SEYMOUR

CHICAGO

QUI VIVE

CORONET



AGG  
GITTINGS

HOUSTON, TEXAS

## HOMAGE TO IZAAK WALTON

AUGUST, 1937



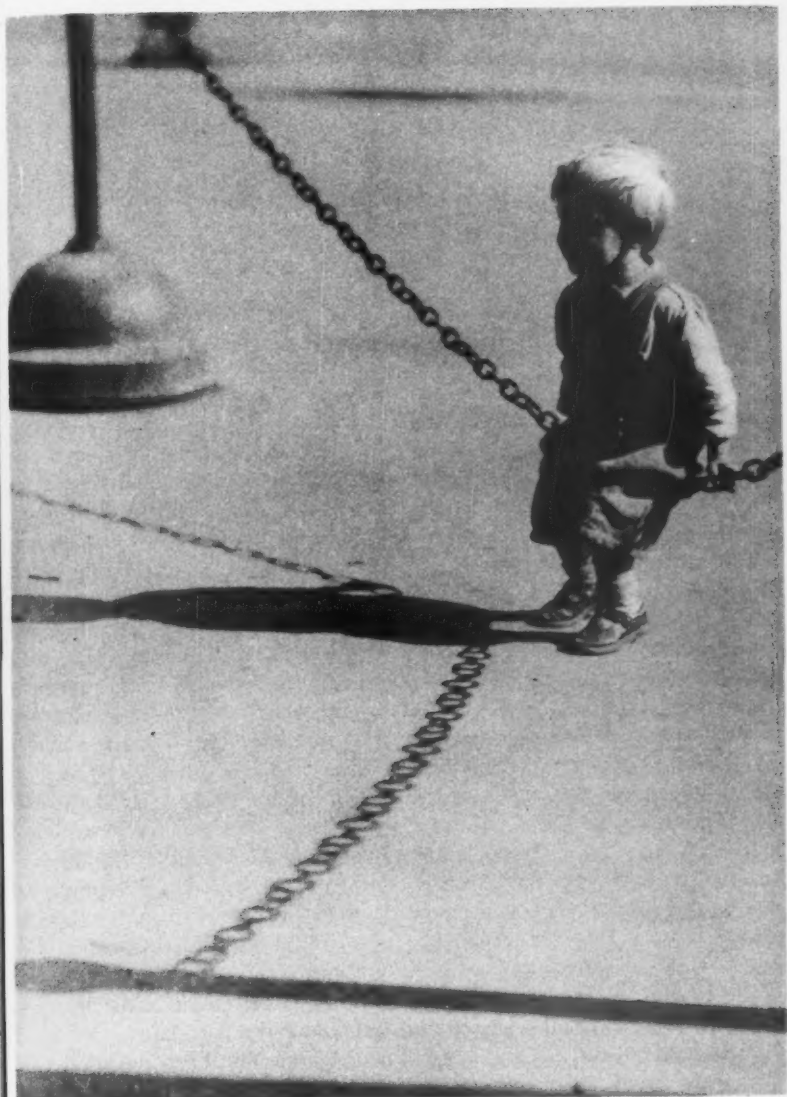
HAROLD M. LAMBERT

PHILADELPHIA

ERNÖ

## A MOTHER'S TENDER CARE

CORONET



PHIA ERNŐ VADAS

BUDAPEST

# NO THOROUGHFARE

AUGUST, 1937



## PORTFOLIO OF PORCELAIN

A HORSE'S MUDDY HOOF AND AN ALCHEMIST'S HAIR  
POWDER GAVE EUROPE ITS FIRST TRUE PORCELAIN



AT THE brink of the 15th century in Europe, pottery-making could scarcely be dignified by calling it an art. The crude vessels of the time were little more than the products of a semi-primitive skill. But this deplorable state of affairs caused no one much concern. Nobody knew any better: there was no standard of comparison.

Then, the remarkable porcelain of the Chinese began to find its way into Europe. Here was a standard of comparison with a vengeance—incredibly beautiful pieces of a marvelous white translucent quality. The European potters were like so many Jack Bennys giving their smug performances of *The Bee*, when along comes a Kreisler. Thus began one of the most prolonged attempts at imitation in the history of art, unsuccessful for almost three centuries. Good imitations were produced in abundance, to be sure. But the real essence of Chinese pottery—the baffling translucent quality of true hard-paste porcelain—eluded the European imitators.

Two strangely disassociated elements of chance—a bit of clay picked up by a horse's hoof and a new hair

powder purchased by the valet of a reformed alchemist—finally combined to give Europe its first true porcelain. The horse belonged to one Schnorr who one day noticed a piece of clay, unlike any other he had ever seen, adhering to the horse's hoof. This clay, from the ore-mountain district of Schneeberg, was indeed uncommon, for it was no other than kaolin which alone of all clays can produce true hard-paste porcelain. But Schnorr could find no better use for his clay than to sell it in Dresden for hair powder.

The name of the valet is unknown, but the man who wore the wig was Johann Friedrich Böttger. Once an apothecary's assistant in Berlin, he had fled to Dresden under suspicion of alchemy. There, in 1709, the unwonted weight of his wig prompted him to try some of the new hair powder in one of his experiments. The promise of these first experiments with kaolin induced Augustus the Strong to set him up in a porcelain manufactory at Meissen, but it was not until 1715 that Böttger fully mastered the art of making true white porcelain. Its quality has never since been excelled.



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

### IT BEGAN WITH GENESIS

Pottery, whose recorded history begins with Babel, finds one of its highest expressions in the porcelain of 18th century Europe. Upon each piece the manufactory proudly set its mark. This figure bears the mark of Nymphenburg manufacture, the shield of arms of Bavaria.

AUGUST, 1937



#### FIGURES BY KAENDLER . . .

Johann Kaendler was first and foremost to exploit true porcelain. Appointed modeler at Meissen in 1731, he remained until his death which he foresaw in 1755, ordering three apprentices to sit by him while he worked, "so as not to take his art with him to the grave."



... MASTER OF PORCELAIN SCULPTURE

Unlike his predecessors, who never quite suited their art to their medium, Kaendler modeled his figures boldly, with strong projections and deep hollows for dense shadows. He took full advantage of the fine nervous plasticity of porcelain and made his figures come alive.

AUGUST, 1937



**CRINOLINE GROUP, MODEL BY KAENDLER**

At the time Kaendler was appointed modeler of the Meissen factory, Kirchner was the model master. From the outset the relationship between them was a strained one. Kirchner's grievance was that, in spite of his higher position, his salary was less than Kaendler's.



LOVERS GROUP, MODEL BY KAENDLER

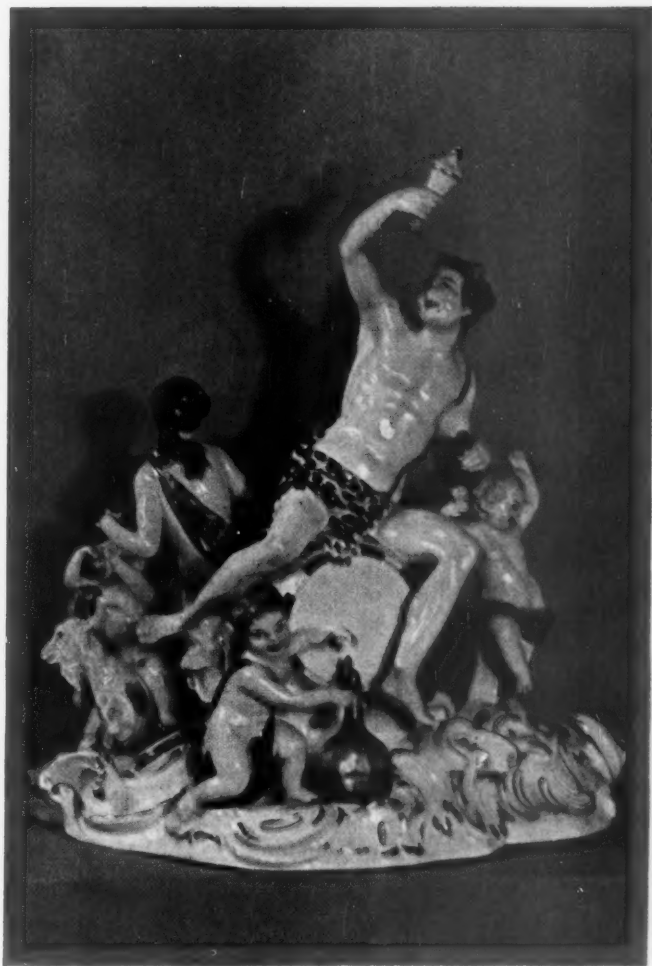
Kirchner applied in 1732 for an increase in salary. When this was not granted he tendered his resignation. Refused permission to leave, he solved the problem quite simply a few months later when the authorities were glad to release him in view of his neglected work.

AUGUST, 1937



“BE SECRET UNTO DEATH”

With this motto posted in every department of the Meissen manufactory, and bound by a solemn oath, the workers were confined within a castle having all the characteristics of a fortress. They were never allowed to leave without express permission of the authorities.



#### BUT THE SECRET LEAKED OUT

In 1718 a runaway workman, Christoph Hunger, brought the Meissen methods to Vienna. The Bacchic group above is a Meissen product, but the Watteau-like figure opposite is from the Berlin factory, one of the many that followed in the wake of the great Meissen works.

AUGUST, 1937





TWO BOW FIGURES OF 1760 . . .

England's first porcelain manufactory was established at Stratford-le-Bow, commonly known simply as Bow, about 1730. Bow porcelain was of unequal quality, but when it was good it was very, very good. Many of the Bow figures rank among the best of the English products.



... AFTER MEISSEN MODELS

From 1749 until shortly after 1760, Bow figures were frequently inspired by, and sometimes closely copied after, Meissen models. Thereafter, as the Meissen influence waned, Bow products showed a decline in the strength of their coloring and delineation of modeling.

AUGUST, 1937



#### BOW FIGURE—FLORA

Porcelain frequently embodies the handiwork of many artists in a single figure. The principle of division of labor was sometimes carried to a fine point, one artist painting the blue under the glaze, another the flowers, a third undertaking the gilding, and so on.



#### BOW FIGURE—POLYHYMNIA

It was the fashion to set up an elaborate series of porcelain figures as a centerpiece for the dinner table. In 1753, Horace Walpole complained that "jellies, sugar-plumbs, and creams have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks and Chinese of Saxon china."

AUGUST, 1937



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

#### CHELSEA WAS NEVER CHEAP

The Chelsea porcelain works were founded about 1745. Its products brought high prices, Horace Walpole recording that in 1763 a porcelain service made for the Duke of Mecklenburg cost 1,200 pounds. The Hurdy Gurdy player above, after a Meissen model, is dated 1750.

## PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA

by IL CAVALIERE D'ARPINO (GIUSEPPE CESARI)  
(1560-1640)

(KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA)

The legend of Perseus, from which Cesari drew the episode of the delivery of Andromeda, is one of the favorites of Greek mythology. Perseus, having slain the Gorgon, is pursued by Medusa's sisters and flees to Ethiopia. There he finds Andromeda chained to a rock and exposed to a sea monster to requite the anger of Poseidon, who had been offended. Perseus slays the sea monster and sets Andromeda free. The legend goes on to tell that, after delivering Andromeda, Perseus married her, bringing her to Tiryns in Argos where she became the ancestress of the family of the Perseidae.







#### A NOTE ON CESARI

Giuseppe Cesari, more often called Il Cavaliere d'Arpino and sometimes known as Il Giuseppino, was born, in 1560, in the town of Arpino near the site of the villa where Cicero was born. In his day he was ranked as the head of one of the two main schools of 16th and 17th century Italian art, being the leader of the so-called "Idealists," in opposition to the "Naturalists" who were led by Michelangelo da Caravaggio. But despite his pre-eminence during his lifetime and the survival of such museum pieces as "Perseus and Andromeda," his reputation has not come down entirely intact. Luigi Lanzi, curator of the galleries of Florence during the turn of the 19th century, discredited Cesari as "not less the corrupter of taste in painting than Marino was in poetry." And Cesari's most pretentious work, his frescoes in the Capitol at Rome to which he devoted himself at intervals during 40 years, is a reminder of his defects of perspective, as well as a monument to his fame and his skill in other respects.



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

### THE ENGLISH WERE RE-CREATIVE

Re-creative rather than creative, and prone to make frequent use of foreign models, the genius of the English for Anglicization nevertheless gave their porcelain originality of interpretation, if not of invention. Borrowed styles assumed an individual English quality.

AUGUST, 1937



#### THE ART OF KINGS

The art of porcelain developed in Europe under the influence and patronage of a luxurious court, reflecting their habits and tastes. A dozen or more princes maintained their own porcelain factories, principally as a matter of pride but not without some hope of profit.



#### REALISM WAS TWICE REMOVED

Even the figures seemingly drawn from daily life were inspired by the pageantry of the court. These were suggested by the *Wirtschaften*, a type of fancy dress performance long popular in Germany, in which the prince and his entourage took parts as peasants and tradesmen.

AUGUST, 1937



#### STATECRAFT'S LOSS . . .

Chief influence on porcelain styles was that of the Dresden court. Concerning it, its English ambassador wrote, "The King's known love of low pleasures, such as Operas, Masquerades, and Hunting, prevents him from making that figure which his noble Electorate ought to do."



### ... WAS PORCELAIN'S GAIN

While the "low pleasures" of the European courts may have interfered with matters of state, they provided excellent subject matter for porcelain interpretation, especially in the rococo style for whose volatile flame-like play of motion porcelain was the perfect art-form.

AUGUST, 1937



#### THE AIRY COMMEDIA CHARACTERS . . .

In the pageants and masquerades, the favorite themes were allegories of the seasons, the muses, and the like. In the theatre, the capricious characters of the improvised *commedia dell' arte* inspired such figures as the *Dottore* above, from the Furstenberg manufactory.



... WERE TAILOR-MADE FOR PORCELAIN

Pantaloön is a pet *commedia* character in porcelain. He is depicted in a Nymphenburg figure above and in a Bow figure on page 102. Also drawn from the *commedia dell'arte* of the Italian players is Bus-telli's figure of Anselmo on page 103, a Nymphenburg product of 1761.

AUGUST, 1937





#### BUSINESS WAS GOOD IN CHELSEA . . .

During the best period of Chelsea production (1750-1765), London dealers were said to have thronged the factory to purchase pieces as they were taken from the furnaces. Above and opposite are Chelsea figures, bearing the mark of their manufacture, an anchor in red.



### ... BUT SLOW IN BERLIN

High pressure salesmanship, of a sort, was not altogether unknown in the 18th century. Frederick the Great decreed that no Jew could marry until he produced a voucher attesting to his purchase of a specified amount of porcelain from Frederick's large Berlin factory.

AUGUST, 1937



#### EMBLEMATICAL OF SUMMER

The mark of the factory on a piece of porcelain is a guide to its quality. But inexperienced collectors are prone to attach too much importance to marks, which are the easiest things to copy. Where the imitator fails to deceive is in the paste, glaze, color, or gilding.

CORONET



#### EMBLEMATICAL OF WINTER

The connoisseur invariably examines a piece of porcelain for its translucency, its paste and glaze, its style of decoration, and technique of manufacture before even looking to see if it bears a mark. Then, if there is a mark that confirms his opinion, well and good.

AUGUST, 1937



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

### THE HERITAGE OF PORCELAIN

Porcelain, a perfect fusion of the plastic and decorative arts, embodies some of the highest achievements of both. Nowhere is plasticity so infinite, or color-and-whiteness so audacious, as in the heritage of 18th century porcelain that has come down to us today.



*A Mexican Portfolio*  
*of Photographs*  
by GUY EDERHEIMER, Jr.  
*of Chicago*

AUGUST, 1937



DAILY BREAD



DIEGO RIVERA

AUGUST, 1937





SERENADER

CORONET



SERENADED

AUGUST, 1937



OLD WOMAN

CORONET



OLD MAN

AUGUST, 1937



STREET IN TAXCO

CORONET



THUNDER OVER MEXICO

AUGUST, 1937



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

TAKE OFF

CORONET

120



FROM EUROPEAN

LANDING

AUGUST, 1937





STEPHEN DEUTCH, CHICAGO





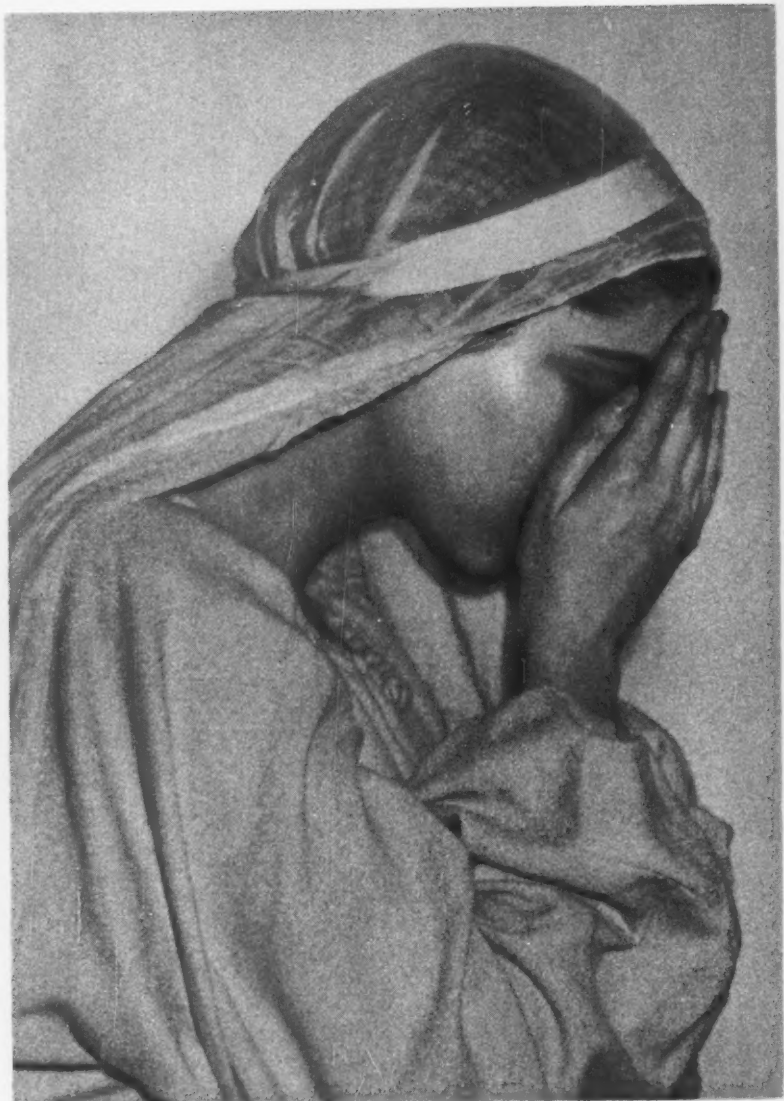


STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

JEUNESSE

AUGUST, 1937



NOWELL WARD

CHICAGO

## DEVOTION

CORONET

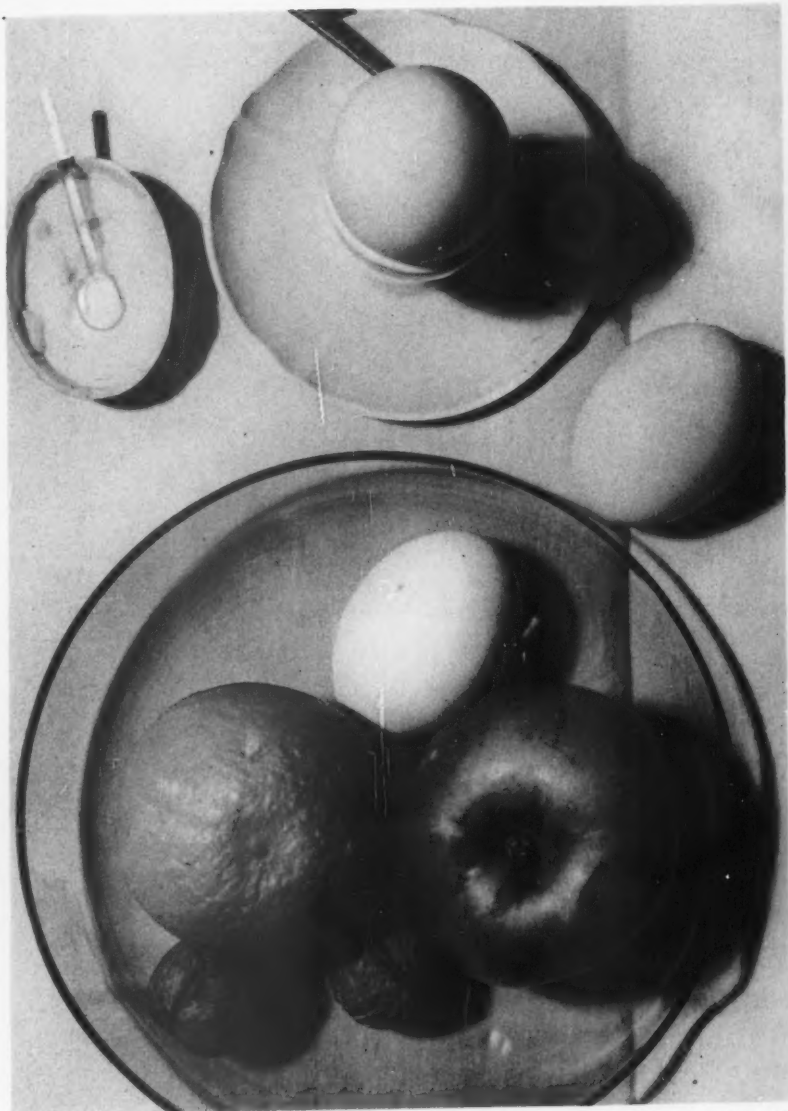


ROBERT BALDWIN EBERT

MILWAUKEE

MEMORIAL

AUGUST, 1937



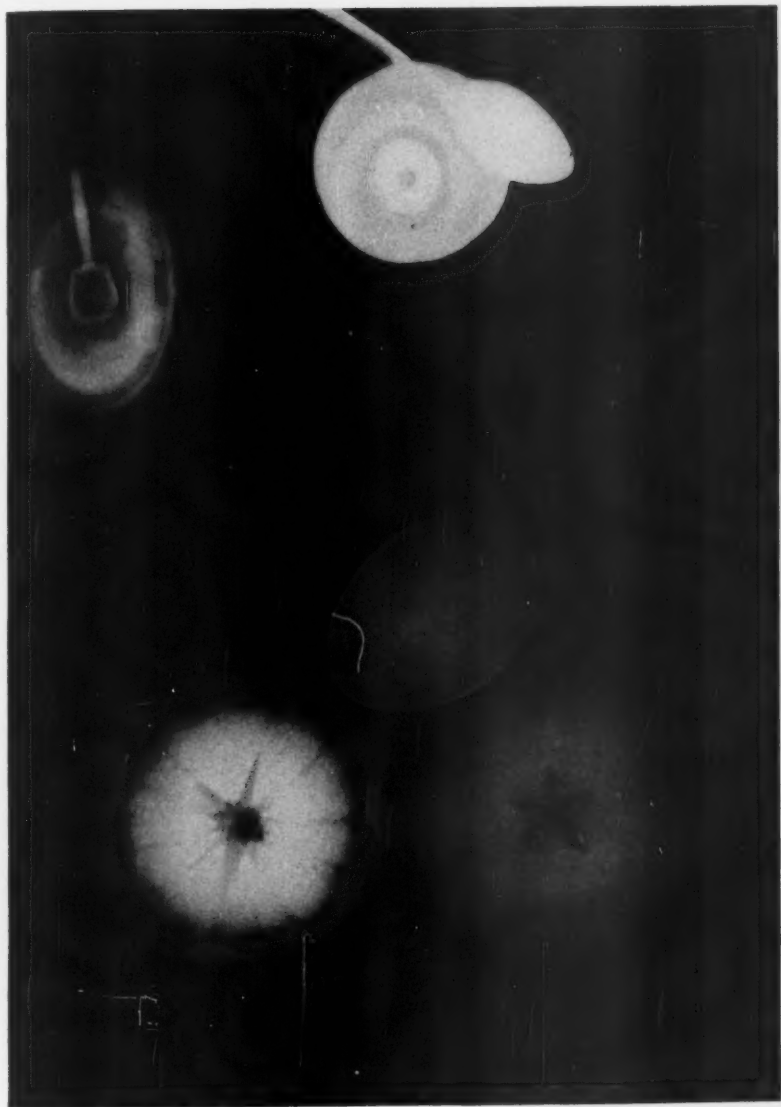
VOLLMER

FROM BLACK STAR

## SURFACE

CORONET

126



TAR  
VOLLMER

FROM BLACK STAR

SUBSTANCE

AUGUST, 1937





DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

ACTIVE

CORONET



ANDRÉ DIENES

PARIS

PASSIVE

AUGUST, 1937



A. B. DE LA VERGNE

DENVER

LIFE STUDY

CORONET

130



TURNER

MADISON, WISC.

DEATH STUDY

AUGUST, 1937



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

SOAP FIGURE

CORONET



ROBERT L. GORDON

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

FRENCH HORN

AUGUST, 1937



DUANE FEATHERSTONHAUGH

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

CAT'S EYES

CORONET



FAUREST DAVIS

TUCSON, ARIZ.

BLEACHED BONES

AUGUST, 1937





SEIDENSTÜCKER, BERLIN

FROM BLACK STAR

## NECKING

CORONET



S. ALTSON PEARL

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

# PHANTOM SHIP

AUGUST, 1937



WIREFORM, ORDNER, VIENNA

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUNO

PIRATE

CORONET



ORDNER WIRE FIGURES COURTESY NEWHOUSE GALLERIES, N. Y.

ZULU

AUGUST, 1937



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

IMBIBE

CORONET

140



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

INHALE

AUGUST, 1937

## PATIENT'S PACIFIER

ALL A HOSPITAL PATIENT CAN DO TO  
IMPROVE HIS MIND IS MAKE BASKETS



WHY are sick people sometimes treated as though their illness, however slight, had suddenly made them all half-wits? Anyone who has been a hospital patient for even a short time knows a little about what I mean. One week you may be a successful business man, but if in the next you have your appendix out, some nurse will probably lisp baby talk to you and cluck disparagingly if you lose your temper about it. Doctors listen to your recital of symptoms with the pleased, indulgent tolerance of an adult listening to an imaginative child. Then they often disregard what you have said in devising treatment.

This sort of thing had been disastrous for me. The doctors had refused to cut my cast open when I complained it was hurting and the result was an injury to my sciatic nerve which gave me a painful unwieldy foot. Neither the doctors nor the nurses would take a patient's word for anything. When I was in pain and asked for morphine, the nurses actually advised me to toss and groan to give the doctors visual evidence of my

suffering. This I refused to do for I was afraid of the psychological effect such sniveling might have upon me.

So far I was on the short end of the score to this extent: my first group of doctors had treated me for intestinal parasites when I really had a huge abscess deep in my groin; another group had refused to work on me because I couldn't pay them enough; and here at this hospital I had undergone an operation that had apparently left me with a stiff hip joint. In self-defense I decided to study a little about medicine and my disease.

Naturally, when I clamored for medical books the doctors were much amused and asked what I could possibly want with them. Well, I wanted to find out about osteo-myelitis, this decay of the bone marrow they said was causing my trouble. I wanted to know why these staphylococcus bugs had picked out my bones as a fine place to settle down and raise a family. I was sure some doctor must have done some research into the early systemic weaknesses which led to osteo and to know about this might lead the way to a cure.

But even my friends among the interns acted as though I were slightly balmy to calmly assume I could understand anything of the mystic science of medicine. Remember, I had gone to school with some of these boys, and neither then nor now had I noticed anything spectacular about their mentalities. My attitude was, if they could understand it, I could. In fact, though I could see the practice of medicine was difficult, I couldn't see anything so tough about the theory of it, aside from the terminology which I thought was unnecessarily confusing. Take the term osteo-myelitis, it sounds awe inspiring until you know it means bone decay. And you can call the itch *dermatitis* but it's still the itch and you have to scratch it. When you found a doctor who was willing to cut the bunk, it was surprising how simply and easily he could explain things. I knew some doctors hauled off and let fly with these long Latin medical terms to confuse the opposition; they used them as a barrage to hide their ignorance.

But the head orthopedic doctor who was in charge of my case quashed my medical career before it started. The Chief said I didn't have any energy to waste reading medical books and that they would fill my mind full of wrong ideas. And anyway, wasn't I satisfied with the way he was doing? After that no one, not even my pal Sandy, the resident physician, would lend me anything but Grey's Anatomy and I already knew about the

position of the bones, nerves and muscles in the region of my trouble.

This left me back where I started which was right in the middle of the monotonous hospital routine. And to me routine is a word synonymous with boredom. Not only that, but I questioned the wisdom of some of the rigid rules which regulated hospital life. The quaint custom of awakening the patient a full hour before breakfast to give him plenty of time to wash his face is a regulation as universal as it is stupid. You splash your hands and dabble weakly at your face a while, and then for perhaps fifty minutes you sit all shined up with no place to go. When a patient has been unable to sleep until long towards morning—most pain is quieter then—this rule becomes a real menace to recovery for it robs a patient of the strength and energy he needs to make his fight.

I often wondered how a doctor would take it, and at last I found out. A young brain surgeon had the room across the hall, and when for the second morning the tray girl woke him up to wash, there was a roar of rage and a crash of glass. Then a shoe sailed through the door followed closely by the girl herself, her face white, her hair flying. She legged it down the hall as if Harpo Marx were in pursuit with the pajama clad doctor close behind. Just opposite my door he stopped and hurled his other shoe along with a warning as to what would happen if she ever again forgot who he was and woke him up. It



worked, for he wasn't disturbed after that. But an ordinary patient would have received very little service if he had ever put on such a mob scene.

But routine is beneficial in that it helps quell your impatience until you are lulled by its slow rhythm into some indifference towards the passing of time. Your day is marked off by the morning wash water, breakfast, bath, a visit from the doctor, lunch, a trip to physiotherapy, dinner, the nightly back rub and the, if you are lucky, sleep. You become such a creature of habit after a few months that you resent any change. Although your room is identical with all the other rooms on the floor, you could not think of moving. The cracks in the ceiling at which you have stared through many pain-filled feverish nights until they have assumed a grotesque resemblance to human heads—these cracks are necessary to your peace of mind.

Had I been less impatient, had more fatalism in my make-up, I should have settled into this routine with some degree of resignation. I did have a much more bearable time. A blind physiotherapist, a marvelous fellow—his touch was a whisper—began to treat my leg and promised he could give me at least partial motion in my hip. But still I continued to fuss and ask questions of the doctors. Questions which were embarrassing. Because, though I didn't realize it at the time, they couldn't be answered, and there is nothing your average doctor hates quite so much as admitting he

doesn't know. Also, I had been taken off morphine and the pain was so severe that without it, I couldn't sleep.

One day two strange orderlies came to my room and said the Chief had ordered them to give me some exercise. They strapped the two halves of my cast together. Then, one on either side, holding my arms over their shoulders, they lifted me to my feet. I was too dumbfounded at first to protest, but my sensitive crippled foot was on fire where the toes touched the floor and when I saw they intended to drag me around the room, the air was blue with my indignation. For three or four minutes they dragged me, helpless as a sack of wheat, around and around the room. My profane protests did nothing but contribute to their education. At last everything went black and I shut up and concentrated on maintaining consciousness. The orderlies thought I had fainted, but they were wrong for I could hear them talk. As they lifted me back into bed, one of them said this was the dumbest stunt he had ever been ordered to do. My sight was coming back and aloud, I agreed with him.

When he saw I was conscious the other orderly said, "This ain't doin' you a bit of good, fellah. We'll just stay in here with the door closed an' if anybody asks ya, we drug ya around for fifteen minutes. See?" That would be fine, I said, and offered them cigarettes. So for ten minutes more we talked and smoked and then they left.

After thinking it over I decided that this was just another instance of a lack of understanding of my condition such as I had met with before. I was angry, but not half as upset as I would have been a month earlier. I was becoming used to this sort of thing. Bearing my place in the world of the sick.

The Chief apologized. He said the orderlies reported I hadn't liked the treatment. He had thought I might be tired out by this method so I could sleep. Now he was going to try something else. He was going to send up a girl to give me occupational therapy. With weary resignation, I did not ask him what that was.

The next day, a young lady knocked and entered my room. At first glance she seemed plain and unattractive, but a longer look revealed she could have been a beauty if she hadn't worked hard to prevent it. Her thick, dark wavy hair was carelessly done in a big pug low on her neck. Her piquant featured face with its large, wide set, grey eyes was without make-up. Her fine figure was covered with a rumpled blouse and a shapeless tweed skirt, below which you could see trim legs in wool stockings, one of which was wrinkled. She wore flat heeled shoes.

In a low, pleasant voice, very brightly, as if she were dealing with a child, she asked if I did not want to make baskets that day.

My God! I thought. Make baskets today, cut out paper dolls tomorrow.

They think I'm crazy!

No, I said, I did not want to make baskets.

"All right," she said, "how about tomorrow? Let's make baskets tomorrow, shall we?"

"No," I said, "not tomorrow. Tomorrow I am very busy." I could see she was a nice person and I didn't want to hurt her feelings even though she thought I was a nut.

Well, she would come back tomorrow, she said. Tomorrow I might change my mind. She would drop in and see, anyway. And smiling sweetly, she left.

I looked ruefully at Marje who was laughing at me as she sat in her big chair in the corner. We both thought it was a good joke on me.

The next day the quaint one was back again. How did I feel today? Didn't I feel like making baskets?

No, I said. The day didn't strike me as a good one for baskets.

How about leather, then? You could make very useful things out of leather.

No, not leather either, I said. I did not care much for leather.

Well, tomorrow. Maybe I would feel like it tomorrow.

I was going to be rushed all day tomorrow, I said.

The next day when she called, I had a visitor, a tough, dark fellow from Iron Mountain. He was recovering from an appendix operation but was around in a wheel chair. That day she went more into details about

the fun you could have making baskets and she sold Joe, the Iron Mountain man completely. He asked if he could make baskets, but she told him there was no order and that he would have to talk to his doctor. He did. But the doctor told him occupational therapy was only for long term patients.

I could not understand Joe wanting to make baskets. He explained he had always wanted to make them since he had seen some Indians doing it years before, that the occupational therapy girl was "a cute little doll," and that he wanted to make them because the doctor said he couldn't.

The next day when she came, the quaint one was plaintive. It was her job, she said, to get me to make baskets and if I wouldn't then she had failed.

All right, I would make baskets providing Joe could make them too. If she would bring extra material so he could work, we would all make baskets and have just a dandy time. She was doubtful, there was no order. But I promised I could fix it with Sandy if there was any trouble, so she agreed.

So we made baskets, hell for leather. The quaint one and Marje soaked the reeds while Joe and I wove, made mistakes, ripped them out and then hurried to make up for lost time. Sometimes, after the first few days and we had the hang of it, Joe and I worked alone. At these times Joe was very profane over his mistakes. In the meanwhile, he had been ordered out

of his wheel chair. He walked all bent over and was, he said, a very sick man. He was sure there had been some mistake and that something serious was wrong.

Just before Joe completed his first basket, the doctors told him he could leave the hospital. He stayed in town for a few days so the doctors could be sure he was all right, and came back every afternoon to work on his basket. He complained continually of a pain in his side. One day he came in with a bottle of the vilest smelling, worst tasting medicine it is possible to conceive. Sandy smelled of it and winked at me.

After Joe left, Sandy explained the medicine was harmless, its only effect being psychological. It was always given to nervous patients with elaborate instructions that it should be taken at certain fixed times. Joe did not strike me as the type to imagine a pain, but Sandy said he was. The tougher they are the worse fuss they make sometimes, he said. I reminded Sandy of the time he had accused me of exaggerating my pain and pointed out my foot was still so bad there was doubt I could ever use it correctly. "Oh that," Sandy waved it away with a sweep of his hand. "That was unusual." "Yes," I said thinking of some of the stories the blind physiotherapist and the interns had told me of mistakes, "unusual like the natives say about bad weather in California."

I really expected that Joe had a spare pair of hemostats sewed up in

his side. So the next day when he came back feeling much better, I was surprised. He told how he had used an alarm clock to wake himself up every two hours all during the night to take his worthless medicine. He walked much straighter and in two or three more days, he felt well enough to start home.

Sandy was triumphant. But I argued that Joe might naturally have had some pain caused by his first activity after the operation, and this pain left because he was getting around and loosening up. I maintained that if the doctors had told Joe his pain would go in a few days, it would have served the same purpose as the fake medicine. But Sandy said people did not want to be talked to, they wanted a doctor to *do* something. And besides, the doctors didn't have time to argue with all these nervous patients.

I saw there was some truth in what Sandy said. I knew the sterile hypos, fake medicine, and the big worded smoke screens the doctors threw up to impress the patients were all a part of the same treatment. Still I thought a better understanding between the doctors and patients would come about if the doctors could take more time to prepare the minds of their charges for the different phases of sickness. And the doctors were too ready to assume every case could be handled as Joe's was. I thought there was a desperate need for some accurate way to measure pain. I specu-

lated as to the nature of the impulse sent by a nerve that would cause the brain to register pain. If it were electrical or of that nature, I felt sure that soon someone would devise a galvanometer sensitive enough to measure it.

After Joe left I worked at my basketry every day. Sandy applauded. He said there was a chance after all to save my mind so I could once more take my place in society and do some useful work. Nothing requiring any brains, of course, but some little job such as running a corner newsstand. In such a good cause he should be willing to help, I said, and I set him to work cutting reeds into the proper lengths. I got a kick out of Sandy, the resident physician of this mammoth hospital, sitting around helping me make baskets. I told him it was probably the only useful job he did all day.

It is a fact there is something fascinating about shaping the reeds into a basket that suits your own taste as to form. Almost everyone who came to my room was interested. Even the Chief cut reeds for me one day. The quaint one was an excellent teacher, showing me the different methods of weaving but leaving me plenty of chance for originality. She was extravagant in her praise, claiming I was her best pupil. I made many baskets, each a little more difficult than the last, until I graduated with a picnic hamper, large and solid, with a top which fitted exactly.

Perhaps basketry was just what I

needed. It did help to tire me out and the activity aided me in gaining strength. But I wanted medical books so that I could understand my case.

When these were denied me, I talked of securing a tutor to teach me some foreign language so my time wouldn't be entirely wasted. But this would have cost money I could not afford. It may be the Chief was right when he said medical books would fill my mind full of material I could not digest. But there in that hospital, part of one of the great universities of this country, there was no attempt to improve the minds of any of the long term chronics so they could be sent back into the world with an improved mental equipment to compensate for the crippled condition of their bodies. In the great wards filled with state patients there were many who were illiterate and ignorant, yet they would leave this institution having learned nothing but the slothful habit of loafing day after day. I know it is the

primary business of a hospital to cure a patient's body, and that many inmates would be indifferent to self-improvement, but it is a great waste to deny those who would learn, their chance to better themselves. Even prisons are ahead of hospitals in this respect.

In this hospital, as in most others, while one part of a patient's body was being repaired another part was being destroyed for want of attention. There was no provision for dental work other than extractions. I, myself, suffered because of this.

I visualize the great state hospitals of the future, equipped to rectify physical ills even to the point of plastic surgery for those who would be benefited psychologically by an improved appearance, and having a complete educational system to improve the patient's mind. A long sickness in a hospital of this kind might well be the turning point in a person's life which would lead on to better things.

—DON DAUGHERTY

*Don Daugherty is both right and wrong when he is bitter about his doctors not letting him have books to study his own desperate sickness. He is right because the basic principles of most medical discoveries can be grasped by laymen. He would be right in his own case—if medical science had been anything but powerless to help him. The more clearly the diagnosis and treatment of a disease is understood, the safer it is for doctors to make their patients co-workers with them. The great diabetes doctor, Elliott P. Joslin, actually runs a little school where his patients are taught the ins and outs of diabetes. But, alas, the bone decay deep down in Daugherty's groin was unget-at-able. And the Chief, one of the most brilliant orthopedic surgeons in America, was justified in trying to keep Don's mind off a deadly mystery against which all science was powerless. But Daugherty isn't merely querulous or a whining complainer when he denounces the lack of provision made by our hospitals to build the morale, to educate, to teach good means of self-support to chronic invalids. This is a major infamy. It will never be mended, I fear, till we build, for all, an economic order that can afford to be infinitely solicitous, helpful, yes, tender to that forlorn rearguard of humanity in misery through no fault of its own. Until we do that, for God's sake let's not pretend we are civilized.*

—PAUL DE KRUIF

# HOW TO TALK WINES

A FEW LEADING QUESTIONS THAT WILL  
GET THE EXPERT TO DO THE TALKING



THE best way to talk about a subject, particularly an unfamiliar subject, is to ask questions. I mean, let me add, the right questions.

It is fairly safe to assume that a wine expert sitting next to you at dinner knows more about wine than you do. And please remember that there are, along the wine trail, a thousand pitfalls lying in wait for the unwary. Even G. B. Stern, whose *Bouquet* is one of the best books on wine ever written by a woman, pulled a classic boner by mentioning Chateau Cheval Blanc as a white Bordeaux ("Blanc" means white all right, but "Chateau White Horse" is a red wine). You, who probably know a lot less about wine than G. B. Stern, have a better than even chance of putting your foot in it if you decide to put your best foot forward. The most you can hope for is to make the connoisseur sitting beside you realize that you are intelligent, that you know something about wine, that you would like to know more, that you appreciate the fact that he knows more than you do.

Avoid, above all, the dogmatic statement. If you say that you prefer

Sparkling Burgundy to Champagne, your neighbor is likely to counter with a highly embarrassing "Why?" And if you mention the fact that you don't like Rhine wines because they are too sour, it's at least possible that you will get, in return, "Then I suppose you have never tasted a *Trockenbeerenauslese* from the Rheinpfalz?"—and what you will answer, I'm sure I don't know, for the *Trockenbeerenauslese* from the Rheinpfalz are among the sweetest natural wines in the world.

Try to make the wine expert feel that you take advantage of every chance you have. Say, for example, "Isn't it too bad that it's so hard to get decent size wine glasses, I mean eight-ounce wine glasses, in this country? A beginner can't get any bouquet out of these thimbles."

Or "Why must everyone wrap up wine bottles in napkins? I suppose you can always tell just what you're drinking (he can't, but he would just as soon you thought he could), but how about the rest of us? I'd like to see the label, and know."

Ask, whenever possible, questions

that proveke a couple of minutes of monologue.

"Do you think the wines we're getting from California are as good as the ones they made before the War?"

"Do you really think that one cocktail—naturally I don't mean four—makes it impossible to appreciate wine with dinner?"

Say as little as possible about wines you have never tasted. Don't depend on second-hand information, on the fact that a friend told you that the "vin du pays" in the village near Tours where he spent a month in 1917 was better than Chateau d'Yquem and cost fifty centimes a liter drawn from the cask, or on the fact that you read somewhere that no Chateauf-neuf-du-Pape was fit to drink until it was ten years old.

When you are on familiar ground, and perfectly sure of your footing, be frank about what you like, even if you know you're not supposed to like it. Say, "Well, I'm a heathen, I admit. I just don't like Claret." Or, "You know, I *like* a sweet white wine with turkey. Of course one's not supposed to, but what can you expect of a person brought upon cranberry jelly?"

The foregoing is, obviously, pretty elementary. And with only this at your disposal you will, beyond any question, run out of ammunition if you have to hold up your end against a wine expert for more than a quarter of an hour. If the conversation gets more abstruse, here are a few things that you shouldn't say:

1. Don't say that wine doesn't agree with you because it is too acid, and that you are forced, in general, to stick to Scotch and soda for that reason. There are at least a hundred million healthy, happy, normal people in the world who drink wine twice a day, and if you happen to have an eccentric digestion, there is no use being forthright about it.

2. Don't say you like Sauternes. It will brand you inevitably as a beginner. Say, if you will, "I sometimes wonder why we ate melons during Prohibition; a glass of Sauternes with a cantaloupe makes *such* a difference." The remark "I like Sauternes" is, in other words, about as impressive to the expert as the statement "I like tomato ketchup."

3. Don't say you like Liebfraumilch. According to German law, any blend of Rhine wines can be called Liebfraumilch, and the blend may be good, bad, or indifferent.

4. Don't say you like Sparkling Burgundy. That, today, is the mark of the country cousin.

5. Don't say you like Champagne cocktails. It is extremely *chic* to drink a glass of Champagne instead of a cocktail, but Champagne cocktails are not *chic*. If the wine is good, you have no business putting sugar and bitters in it; if the wine is bad, you don't drink it or offer it to your guests.

6. Don't insist that you like only very dry wines unless you do, and unless you have the knowledge to back it up. Such a statement is gen-



erally the hallmark of a snob, and your true wine expert, although he may vastly prefer dry wines to sweet, will always speak of the fine sweet wines of the world with a certain deference. It is quite in order to say that you don't like sweet Sherry before a meal, or any sweet wine served straight through a dinner. If you go farther, you are on dangerous ground.

7. When Burgundy is mentioned, don't, for heaven's sake, talk about Pommard or even Chambertin, unless you mention a specific Pommard (or Chambertin) of a given year. The Pommards, Chambertins and Chablis are the Joneses, Browns and Smiths of the Burgundy family. There are eminent individuals of that name, but everyone knows some Mr. Jones or other.

8. Don't turn up your nose at domestic wines. It is unquestionably true that a lot of domestic wines, these days, are bad, but your true wine lover expects to live to see the day when the wines of California and New York and Ohio will be far and away the best buys on a wine merchant's shelves. If you want to make the connoisseur sitting next to you come out with his pencil and notebook, mention a brand of domestic wine that you have found consistently good over a period of a year or eighteen months.

9. Don't sneer at home made wines. The people who made wine at home during Prohibition were the real wine lovers—the people who wanted wine and were unwilling to do without it.

If you ever tried to make wine yourself, mention the fact—your wine may have been undrinkable, but watch the expert's eyes light up when you say you tried.

10. Don't say you have no use for any wine except the best. A real connoisseur has just as much respect for an unpretentious, decent, honest table wine, as he has for a rare vintage Claret. An honest workman is, when all is said and done, just as worthy of praise as a great aristocrat, and doubly so if the aristocrat is not all he might be.

So far, you will probably say, so good. By avoiding such obvious pitfalls you will make no errors, but "no hits, no runs, no errors" never won a ball-game nor made a friend. You can keep out of trouble, sitting beside a wine expert, by talking about archaeology or detective stories. But you will get nowhere on wine. So here are a few things you may say you like, remembering always that any such remark, if you don't know what you're talking about, may leave you out on a limb.

Say that you like dry Sherry, really dry Sherry, and like it *chilled*. Don't please mention "Dry Sack" as a dry Sherry, for it is a fairly sweet Amoroso.

Be careful of the word Amontillado, which is rather loosely used in English-speaking countries. "Manzanilla, *chilled*," is an Open Sesame.

Say that you prefer, in a great many cases, young wines to old. There has been far too much talk since Re-



peal of antediluvian vintages. A great many wines, particularly less expensive wines, such as most of us drink on most occasions, are at their best when under five years old. Real wine drinkers know this, and only snobs are afraid to admit it.

Say, if you insist on talking about vintages, that you prefer the 1929 red Burgundies to the '28's and the '26's, that you have never tasted a bad 1923 except one or two of doubtful authenticity, that you have been disappointed in most 1919's, that you hear the '34's will be very fine, that you have found the white Burgundies of 1928 superlatively good. Say that you think the 1929 Clarets (or Red Bordeaux) are by far the best now available, and that the 1933 Sauternes, while less good than the '29's, are more to your taste, being lighter and less sweet. Say that you think the '28's are the best Champagnes you have ever tasted, that you are inclined to believe that 1934 was as good a wine year in Germany as 1921, that you think the 1929 Rhine wines are beginning to go off, that you wonder whether the 1926 Clarets will come round, that you understand that 1936 was one of the worst vintages on record, that you believe the 1920 Rhine wines will outlast the 1921's. But if you start rambling along this way, watch your step.

If you want to give your wine expert a few uneasy moments, there are one or two highly embarrassing questions that you can ask.

"Has it ever occurred to you that most of the wines that people say won't travel are produced in exceptionally beautiful parts of Europe?" This is a poser and no mistake. Vouvray is said not to travel, though it will, and Vouvray is produced in the chateau country; it seems less good in St. Louis than in Blois, but you rarely drink it in St. Louis on a vine-covered terrace beside a river, with the grey walls of an old castle rising out of the sheer green of plane trees. Frascati "won't travel," in the opinion of couples who spent their honeymoon in Rome, and the same thing holds for the wines of Capri. Unfortunately, it is also true that the wonderful little street orchestra which played so divinely for you in that charming restaurant in Venice ten years ago would sound a good deal like a hurdy-gurdy in Chicago or New York. Such is disillusionment, but the wine expert will hate like the devil to admit that he is disillusioned.

But the expert's worst moment comes when you ask, in all honesty, "Isn't there a place for those of us who can't remember the names of the crus classes, who don't know Clos de Beze from Clos de Vougeot, but who just like wine?" Your connoisseur, at this, may stall or change the subject; if he is an honest man, as a good wine drinker should be, he will simply say, "My friend, you are the salt of the earth; you are right. When all is said and done, a wine is good when it tastes good."—FRANK SCHOONMAKER

## *EVENING*



After the meandering shower  
Had played its droll fugue  
Over the oceans of corn all around,  
There was the smell of jimson  
Near the blue mud of the pig-pens  
And the fragrance of wet melilotus  
In the sharp fingers of the hedges.  
Sparrows flying low  
Left fleeting ropes of grey  
Beneath the singing telephone wires;  
And far off over the twilight of the fields  
Lingered the quaint limpid croon of a turtle dove.

—RALPH CANNON

AUGUST, 1937

# THE BRONC-STOMPER

A GOOD TIME IS TO HAVE A BRONC  
ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF A CORRAL



THE last stagecoach has lurched and rolled away. No more pony express riders raise the dust across the prairie. I guess horse-breakers like me will be the next to go. I don't mean that there will then be no more good rodeo riders. The rodeo game is getting better every year, but most rodeo riders are not horse-breakers. Horse-breakers are born, not made.

I am a bronc-stomper. In plain English this means that I break horses. I am damned proud of anything I have done in this line. I have never wanted to do anything else. I love horses. I like the pitch of a horse, the squeak of saddles, the jingle of spur-rowels, the smell of saddle-soap and horse sweat, the swish-flop of batwing chaps, the shine on silver bits and conchas. A good time, to me, is to have a bronc alone in the middle of a corral, a dry and dusty corral.

He has to be halter broke. There he stands, shaking a little, head high. He is looking me over, looking to see if I am afraid of him. He is thinking of ways to outwit me, to beat me at my own game. Psychologists say horses don't think. I wish these guys could

see this horse. I think they would take back what they say. Look at his eyes. You can tell he's a bronc by his eyes. Wild eyes. Scared eyes. But proud eyes. He won't let me know he's scared of me.

I come nearer, and with head and tail in the air, he trots around the corral, stiff legged. Pretty. Action. I open a pole gate at the end of the corral, a high pole gate. Eight poles high. The pony shies past it. Wary. I want to get him through the gate and into the chute—an alley-way just wide enough for a horse to go through. He comes around again, and makes a bee-line for the opening, trotting fast and high. Proud. I follow along the outside of the chute. He comes to the end of the chute and touches the top pole with his nose. Trapped. Before he can back up, I have a stout pole behind him. Trapped for sure. He stands there and shakes for a few seconds. I come alongside him and touch his neck with my hand. It has the effect of a hot branding iron. He struggles, muscles all knotted up under his slick hide. I keep my hand on his neck until he stops caging around.

Then I work it slowly, slowly up toward his head. He just stands there. Waiting. I take my hand off him and pick up a halter. I put it on his neck where my hand was. He struggles again. I hold the halter there till he quiets down, and then work it up toward his head. Waiting, he watches me out of the corner of his eye. Now I slip the halter over his head, and fasten it. Then a long, soft-twist rope, fastened to the halter, completes the first part of the job.

I jerk the pole out from behind him, walk up to his head and spook him back through the chute. The rope follows him, snake-like, hissing as it slithers along the ground. In the big corral again, he lopes around, then runs, skidding as he comes around a corner. Sometimes his feet almost go out from under him. He kicks hard at the rope dragging along after him.

Sweat running down leaves little vertical streaks on his dusty hide. Finally he quits, and stands there quivering. I pick up one end of the rope and wrap it twice around a stout corral post. I wrap it high up on the post so he can't step over it. He takes a run at the rope and is jerked back when he hits the end. Hurts his neck, poor little fellow. To relieve himself, he gives some slack which I take up quick. I pick up a stick and toss it at his rump. Bang. He kicks at it, and gives me some more slack, which I take up. After repeating this operation a few times, I get him where I want him, about six feet from the

post, and tie the rope tight to the post. Then I leave him to fight it out with the stout post, first throwing a little hay to him over the fence. Tomorrow I can loosen up the rope and lead him around. He will be halter-broke.

Next morning I lead him into the middle of the corral. He shies at an old Navajo saddle blanket I have placed there. Kicks at it, and tries to jerk away from me. After a little I get him up pretty close to it. I put my hand on his neck and he stands there pretty quiet, only flinching a little. In half an hour I can put my hand on his neck, his withers, his back. Even on his nose. Then I fold up the blanket real small, and, holding it in my free hand (I have the halter-rope in my left hand) I touch it to his neck. I work it up on his back, gradually letting it unfold, little by little. In a short time he doesn't seem to notice it at all. Then I do the same with the saddle: ease it up over his side, and onto his back at last. All the time I talk to him, low and monotonous like. Finally I take the saddle off and put it just ahead of him, where he can watch it, and see that it doesn't start anything funny.

I pick up a faded old blue jumper, touch it to his neck and work it up to his head, finally getting it in such a way under his halter that he is blindfolded. Once a horse is blindfolded, nine out of ten times he will not move, no matter what happens. He just stands there, head low, quivering. I

ease the saddle on his back, after first putting the stirrups and cincha over the seat of the saddle so they won't be flopping around scaring him. Then I go around to the off-side—a horse's right side—and ease the cincha and stirrup down into place. Around to the near-side again, I bring the cincha up under his belly, trying not to scare him. I have to work fast now—any minute he might start caging around. I run the latigo up through the cinchering and pull the cincha tight. He's still standing quiet. Shaking, though, a little. Quickly I snap a short halter rope in the ring of the halter and take out the long one. I come around to his left shoulder, and put my toe in the stirrup. There is no way to describe exactly how I feel. It's like no other sensation. I am all tied up in knots inside, a good feeling. Outwardly I am calm and cool. My toe in the stirrup, I put a little of the weight of my body there, and then ease that weight out again. More weight again. Left hand with the rope rein at the pony's cheek and right hand holding the stirrup around. Then all my weight in the stirrup, right hand on the horn, and I swing up, quick-like, catching the right stirrup with my right boot. I lean over and grab the blindfold, tossing it to one side. Here is the moment that all horse-breakers long for, the reason there will always be riders for rodeos, the reason I am glad I'm a bronc-stomper.

I can feel my pony's muscles tightening under me. He blinks. The blind

hits the ground to one side, and we're off. From then on, it's ride, *ride*, *ride*. Churning, churning. *Sit back in the saddle*. Dust. Ears ringing. Stay with him. Sta-a-a-y with him! Balance. Always balance. Skid in the dust. He keeps this up for a minute, then he starts loping high around the corral, ears back. Mad. I spur him. Ears back farther. He slows down, stops. Sulks. His heart is pounding. I can feel it in my knees. I spur him a little. Ears back again. Maybe he tries to reach around and bite my leg. Sulking. No use doing any more with him today. I move my body in the saddle from side to side, first all the weight on one stirrup, and then on the other. Finally all my weight on the left stirrup, and I swing down. Quick, and toward his head so he can't kick me. Good fellow. I put the stirrup over the horn and loosen the cincha, draw the saddle off and put it down in the dust. The saddle has left its imprint in sweat on his back, and the horse-smell is strong. I rub his back, he likes it. I rub his neck and ears, and talk to him. Nice boy. Worked hard today. You and me'll get along. That feel good? Poor little fellow. I unsnap the halter rope and watch him. He stands there. The look in his eye has changed a little. I think he likes me.

Then he looks up at the rolling hills and peaks where his home-range was. Then he moseys out toward the pasture. Tired. Till tomorrow.

—T. BRENNER

# EXPERIMENT WITH DEATH

A MASTER OF THE OCCULT TRIES HIS  
STRENGTH AGAINST A WOMAN OF WILL



IT WAS a most shocking surprise to that highly respectable firm of solicitors, Messrs. Walker, Paradise and Walker, when Lady Paula Lidy-ard went off the rails, causing almost as much confusion and loss of life as might an express train similarly fated. She had been in the habit of drinking too much, spending too much, and risking her neck in swift vehicles far too lightly; but she had somehow kept clear of scandal, which to the legal mind (and indeed to most other minds) meant lovers. Then, at forty-six, what must she do but fall in love with a boy of twenty-three, a young soldier, and announce that she intended to marry him.

Alaric Lidyard, who had been married to her for twenty years, and was a little sorry for the young man, refused flatly to give her her freedom. Mr. Percival Walker listened, nodding comprehension, to his reasons.

"She'll get sick of him, y'know. And it's not fair to young Ninian. He'd have to send in his papers—they don't care for this sort of thing in the Brigade. He won't take her on, if it means blowing all his prospects

sky-high. We'd better sit tight till she quiets down."

"Quite," said Mr. Walker, "quite. We may safely leave the whole matter to Time."

With which words, followed by a smile as of parchment cracking, he sent Alaric Lidyard to his death.

For Lady Paula, caught in their trap of inaction, sought escape as an animal might. There was an accident; the car in which she was driving her husband to a dinner party turned over into a granite quarry. Lady Paula, bleeding and exhausted, was picked up by a passing motorist. Alaric Lidyard lay at the bottom of the quarry with the car on top of him. When they recovered his body, the head was found to be smashed in.

All very natural, giving the weight of the car, and the thirty-foot drop. But an alert young doctor noticed one or two things. He observed that the head wounds, under their mask of blood, were numerous, smallish and deep. A blood-stained spanner was found, hidden under a pile of stones. The conclusion was inescapable. Lady Paula had struck her husband re-

peatedly with the spanner, killing him; then, getting out and putting the car in gear, had sent it straight into the quarry.

The Coroner's inquest, the trial at the Assizes, took their course. Messrs. Walker managed with despairing skill the only defence on a criminal charge that had ever come the firm's way. In vain. Paula Lidyard, daughter of one of those earls whose names in white paint adorned Messrs. Walkers' deed boxes, was to die, hanged by the neck, on a given date in November.

The day after the announcement an odd figure called upon Mr. Percival Walker. He had the look of a not very exemplary clergyman, grossly fat, and of an appearance disturbing to confidence. Briefly, he wished for an interview with Lady Paula in prison; an interview with her alone.

"Impossible," said Mr. Percival Walker with finality.

The visitor replied, calmly: "The fact is, I am a relative of Lady Paula, and I have a communication of some importance to make to her."

Mr. Percival Walker looked at the visitor's card, which read: The Reverend Dionysius Luan, and turned his eyes towards the red volume of Burke's *Landed Gentry*. Mr. Luan followed the glance, smiling.

"By all means," said he, "you will find me there. Her first cousin. No cure of souls—at present."

Mr. Walker did not consult the volume. Recollection stirred in him; this was the son of Lady Paula's only

uncle; a recluse, the author of books on certain occult subjects, a practitioner of certain odd and mystical experiments. Certainly, he was the nearest relative of the firm's unfortunate client. All the same—

"May I know your purpose in wishing to see her?" he asked.

"I can only inform you that it is a private matter of the first importance, to me, at any rate," the clergyman answered.

Mr. Walker turned the matter over. Taking into consideration his visitor's cloth, with his relationship to the condemned woman, he thought it might be done.

Ten days later he sat opposite Mr. Dionysius Luan in a railway carriage. Mr. Luan was deeply intent upon a red leather book which had the appearance of a manual of devotion. He seemed to read always the same few pages, turning back again and again, as though committing some passage to memory. Once, when moving lips and half-shut eyes showed him engrossed, the book slipped to the floor. Mr. Walker, active and polite, bent quickly to recover it, glancing as he did so at the open pages; he observed that one was devoted to a diagram in black and red, which might have been an astrological design, except for certain symbols which had no obvious connection with astrology. He had time only to read a few words in large type which headed the opposite page, when Mr. Luan took the book from him, eyeing the



solicitor shrewdly as he offered civil thanks. Mr. Walker had half a mind to inquire of Mr. Luan the meaning of the words which had caught his eye; "If you would have a dead man's spirit to attend you, and do your bidding in all things, there is a way, how it may be done." But the clergyman, having stowed the red-covered book in his pocket, seemed inclined to doze.

Arrived in the northern town, they went direct to the prison. Mr. Walker interviewed his client, and returned in a short time, shaking his head, with the news that the condemned woman had no wish to see her cousin.

Mr. Luan wrote a few words and courteously requested Mr. Walker to deliver the note.

"Pray take it. I believe she will see reason. It is," said Mr. Luan, with an odd smile, the smile of a man thinking of treasure, "a necessity that she should see me."

The note was delivered and read. Five minutes later Mr. Walker, secretly marveling, was informing the clergyman that his cousin had changed her mind. Mr. Luan showed no surprise, but got to his feet with a kind of clumsy sprightliness and went billowing down corridors at the heels of a wardress to that apartment known to prison officials as the solicitor's room. Lady Paula stood there. Her eyes had lost none of their defiance, her hair was black as he remembered it; she still had beauty, but it was contradicted and marred by the line of

her mouth, cruel, wholly relentless. She spoke loudly and at once, without greeting.

"Is Ninian coming? What's the message? Why the hell doesn't Ninian come?"

Mr. Luan glanced at the wardress.

"I presume I may speak with the prisoner alone?"

The wardress compromised by retiring to just outside the door, which she left half open. Lady Paula gave a contemptuous short laugh. Then, seeing the gold chain stretched across her cousin's ample black waistcoat, said suddenly:

"What's the time?"

Mr. Luan told her. She began to tap with her fingers on the table, almost as though she were counting, then broke off. "Well, what's the message from Ninian? You said you had a message."

"I have none," answered Mr. Luan placidly. "It was a ruse, to speak with you." She did not move; but gave him, without turning her head, a hooded look. He continued: "I have something to say more important than any message from that young man."

"In two days I shan't be alive," said Lady Paula harshly. "Two days and a few hours. I shall know more about it than you, in two days. I don't want to talk about religion, thanks."

"Nor do I wish to talk about religion," replied Mr. Luan.

Lady Paula stared, gave a half laugh.

The wardress, standing by the door,



could see Mr. Luan's face. His lips moved without pause. The condemned woman sat, flung sideways on her chair; her expression showed scorn, and later a kind of angry curiosity.

Her next glimpse of the pair showed Mr. Luan pushing a red bound book toward the prisoner. The prisoner merely laid her hands on it, from which the wardress supposed that it must be a Bible, and let matters alone. The prisoner, hands crossed one above the other, seemed once more to be repeating some formula after the clergyman, and when this was over kissed the red book, though with no very devout expression, and thrust it back along the table. Then the wardress heard, with some amazement, Mr. Luan recite as follows:

"By which kiss thou, Paula, dost covenant and agree after death to be my servant in the spirit, to go wheresoever I shall bid thee, whether in earth or hell, and to obey me in all things, because by my knowledge I have power to constrain thee, fiat, fiat. Say now after me, Amen."

"Amen," said Lady Paula's voice. It was mocking, the voice her husband and lover had both of them known. "But it looks to me as if you'd made a rotten bargain; I never could do as I was told. And I don't suppose people change much—afterwards." Mr. Luan smiled indulgently. She persisted: "No, seriously of course, I mean, it's all quite mad, but just by way of curiosity, what would happen if I turned out to be stronger than you?"

Mr. Luan looked at her; at the dominant mouth, the eyes expressionless as those of a snake; and despite his confidence, felt a little disquieted. She went on: "After all, I've committed a murder. What have you done? Where does this power of yours come from? You've read a lot of books. I—" She looked at her hands, which had beaten out Alaric Lidyards life—"I've done things."

"I must take my chance," said Mr. Luan, and made a curious gesture with his left hand in the air. Paula Lidyards leaned back, surveying him with amusement and contempt, as she might have watched an unwieldy animal doing tricks.

"Can't we go on?" said she. "You take my mind off things. Can't we seal it in blood, or do something dramatic?"

"Unnecessary," said Mr. Luan, not smiling at this little joke, and pocketing the red book as he rose.

"You may shake hands," the wardress told her charge coming forward, as their time was up. Paula Lidyards laughed, and blew Mr. Luan a kiss.

"Good-bye," said she, "and here's to our experiment. Lucky for you, wasn't it? It's not every day you get hold of a collaborator who's going to be hanged—" The word, thus defiantly and loudly spoken, caught her back into nightmare. She went out with the wardress; and Mr. Luan heard her outside the door:

"What's the time? There aren't enough clocks in this damn place."

Tell me the time, can't you?"

In their hotel that night Mr. Walker inquired more particularly if the interview had been a success.

"I think so," answered Mr. Luan slowly. "Yes, I believe so. Time will show."

This, Mr. Walker's own favorite maxim, had a reassuring sound. He had not been easy in his mind concerning the clergyman. Certain further memories had come back to him, one unsavory business in particular, with an odor of black magic about it, from the far off days when Mr. Luan had been an undergraduate at Cambridge.

"Lady Paula has been something of a problem to the chaplain, I understand. It is shocking," said Mr. Walker, pausing to clip a cigar, "to consider what she has done with her opportunities, her determination, and her great beauty."

"Has she then such force of character?" inquired Mr. Luan, earnestly.

"That," answered Mr. Walker, pausing deliberately, "would be an understatement. She is a woman of one idea at a time, impeded by no scruple that I have been able to discover. She wanted entire control of her husband. That implied the death of her mother-in-law—oh, believe me, I have no doubt of that fact. She has twice done murder, each time for the same reason; that she might have what she wanted."

"And what do you suppose she may want now?"

"Life," answered Mr. Walker with-

out hesitation. "She wants to go on living. The life of the body, I mean, for that has been her sole concern. I should say that what she now deeply wants is a body to dwell in. But there is no way out for her this time, unless—" he regarded his companion with a half-smile—"unless your studies can find her one."

"My studies?" repeated Mr. Luan, quickly for him. "I am no wiser than my neighbors. What studies do you imply?"

It had been decided that the solicitor and the clergyman should remain at hand in the northern town until Lady Paula could have no further need of their services. During the brief period of waiting Mr. Luan betrayed a certain very natural restlessness and discomfort of mind. Occasionally he questioned Mr. Walker with notable intensity concerning Lady Paula's character, laying stress in particular upon its ruthlessness and strength. Could it be true that she had committed two murders? Two? Mr. Walker, having answered, with some impatience, that it was so, Mr. Luan would return to the study of his red book.

It never left him. Its bulk showed in his pocket, or else he was handling it, not reading, but holding it as though he found it comfortable to his fingers. Once he inquired of his companion if he intended to be present at the execution. Mr. Walker replied with distaste that such attendance was no part of his duty.

"It would be interesting—" began Mr. Luan; and checked. "I should be glad to know how my cousin conducts herself."

"I may tell you this much," said the solicitor on an impulse, looking at him sideways. "The interview with you appears to have done Lady Paula some service. She is no longer frenzied at the thought of death."

"I am happy to hear it," said Mr. Luan, the tone contradicting the words.

"She has swung to the other extreme," Mr. Walker went on, "as is her wont. She seems to anticipate the hour, almost—I was going to say, almost with zest."

He observed Mr. Luan's cheesy face take on a more absolute pallor at this.

Mr. Walker that night slept but ill. Each time the solicitor woke, and he woke at all hours, he noted a heavy shuffling tread next door which told him that Mr. Luan was awake and troubled. Mr. Walker heard the bells of a church strike the hour of execution, almost with relief.

A minute later, just as the clanging of bells died down, he heard a different and more sinister sound from the room next door; it was, unmistakably, the sound of a fall. Mr. Walker snatched his dressing gown and ran out into the corridor.

Mr. Luan's door was shut, but it opened to a turning of the knob. He ran in, pausing to press a bell for help, and looked about him.

Mr. Luan lay by the window, grossly sprawled on his back, the red bound book beside him, open as it had fallen. Mr. Walker, in his concern for the man, could not but recognize that same page, that diagram, which he had seen for a moment in the railway carriage two days before. Even as he clasped his fingers upon Mr. Luan's pulse his eyes were taken by the clear ancient print, headed with words in larger type: *AN EXPERIMENT OF THE DEAD*. He read again, and on, while his fingers noted the pulse's leapings:

"If you would have a dead man's spirit to attend you, and do your bidding in all things, there is a way how it may be done. Get a promise of one that is to be hanged."

A movement distracted his attention. Mr. Luan's large head was moving from side to side, as though to free the neck from some constriction, and as Mr. Walker watched, the clergyman's eyes opened and surveyed him; bewildered, yet with a kind of triumph. They rolled once or twice, as the head had rolled, then blinked at Mr. Walker; who gently shaking the wrist he still held, asked:

"Are you better, Mr. Luan?"

The answer came slowly, in a voice whose words and quality Lady Paula's solicitor heard with the sick certainty of recognition:

"Hullo!" said the voice which was not Mr. Luan's, though it came from his throat. "What—what's the time?"

—HELEN SIMPSON

# BRINGERS OF LIGHT

HOW THE EYES OF THE DEAD ARE USED  
IN BRINGING SIGHT TO THE LIVING



WHEN he reached the age of 24 Charles Clayton was completely blind. The windows of his eyes had become clouded and light could not enter his eyes. Clayton's blindness was not the sort that comes suddenly and dramatically. It began at the age of 18, following a severe attack of what eye specialists call interstitial keratitis. This is the kind of eye inflammation that may mend without any ill effects, but every so often it leads to more serious consequences.

In Mr. Clayton's case the inflammation was severe, so severe that it seared the cornea, the window of the eye. After the inflammation had gone down the cornea had become permanently opaque. A thick cloud had settled over Clayton's eyes which shut out all rays of light. At first everything had become vaguely blurred and phantom-like. Clayton seemed to be living in a world of shadows. But soon even the shadows were shut out as the cloud on the cornea grew deeper. At 24 Mr. Clayton was blind.

For many years surgeons had been removing cataracts with wonderful improvement in vision. But a cataract

is only a clouding of but a part of the cornea. When the entire cornea becomes opaque the case was deemed hopeless. If any relief was to be expected there was but one thing to do: remove the opaque cornea and graft a transparent one in its place.

Surgeons began to worry about Mr. Clayton's blindness one hundred years before he was born. The pioneers, Drs. Riesinger, Himley, Ricke and Messner made brave starts but were not very successful. They experimented on animals, trying to evolve a practical method of replacing the clouded cornea with a clear one. For fifty years the experimental surgeons labored in the clinics and laboratories, modifying, rejecting, improving.

Finally in 1870 Dr. Hippel, a German eye surgeon began to experiment on people instead of animals. But Hippel was doomed to failure because he used the corneas of animals instead of human beings. Later research brought to light the fact that the grafting of tissues from one species of animal to another was always doomed to failure.

Later on in his work, Dr. Hippel

realized this and together with Dr. Potzer he made attempts to use the clear cornea of the human eye. They were not always successful in finding clear human corneas for their work. This was also the difficulty of other surgeons, and towards the beginning of the twentieth century the interest in cornea grafting was almost completely lost. However, in 1906 the problem began to attract attention once more.

During that year Dr. Tzirm applied a human cornea to a blind eye and succeeded for the first time in history in getting to the unutterable surprise of eye surgeons, a firm transparent development of the transferred cornea. He had thus restored the patient's sight. Dr. Tzirm was the first of the light bringers.

Dr. Tzirm's startling success aroused great interest in cornea grafting. Within a few short years other eye specialists performed many single operations with great success. But it was Dr. Elshnig, a German eye surgeon living in Prague, who first performed this operation on a great scale. He performed one hundred and seventy-four eye operations, bringing light to as many blinded eyes, a truly remarkable achievement. It was Dr. Elshnig more than anyone else who really succeeded in demonstrating the value of this operation.

When Mr. Clayton presented himself to the eye surgeon for treatment the surgeon did not shake his head hopelessly. It was true that Mr. Clay-

ton was blind but thanks to the work of Dr. Tzirm and Dr. Elshnig he could be made to see again. A date was set for the operation. Mr. Clayton went to the hospital, where on that very same day a man had been admitted whose left eye was so severely injured that it had to be removed. Fortunately the cornea was clear and intact. The man was of the same group as Clayton which was also most fortunate.

By means of a trepan (a cylindrical saw revolving on its axis) a round piece of 4 mm. in diameter was cut from the clear cornea of the enucleated eye. From the left eye of the blinded Clayton a piece was cut out of its entire thickness with the aid of the trepan having a slightly larger diameter than the one previously removed.

The piece of cornea from the dead eye was inserted into the opening of Clayton's eye. Two cross stitches were now inserted into the substance of the cornea. The rest was left to nature.

Within twenty-four hours Mr. Clayton could see the shadow of a hand out of his left eye and borrowed cornea. On the tenth day the stitches were removed. The graft had united well, and the surgeons were confident that Mr. Clayton would be able to see out of his left eye. Two days after the stitches had been removed vision was so much further improved that the patient could actually count fingers at a yard's distance.

After two weeks had passed the new cornea was well in place and flat.

Vision had further improved and Mr. Clayton could count fingers at a meter's distance. Thereafter his sight began to improve slowly but surely. Within a year Mr. Clayton could walk in the street alone without the aid of a cane. He can see to eat his meals and can read the headlines of newspapers. He can see to open a door and find a chair. He does not miss a hand offered for a hand shake. He can board a bus, run smartly up the steps and walk straight to an empty seat. And yet Mr. Clayton is completely blind in his right eye. When one considers that all this is possible because of the transplanted cornea on his previously blind eye, there is really much to marvel at.

Soon the surgeons will transplant a cornea to Mr. Clayton's right eye. His vision will be still further improved. With the aid of a strong lens he will gain back a great deal of his former vision. Modern surgery will have given him back his sight almost intact, a thing that was not possible several years back.

There are still several difficulties in cornea transplantation. These are being solved at the Ocular Clinic of the Medical Institute of Odessa. There are now several methods of cornea grafting. The following materials can now be used. 1. The cornea of an eye removed from a person on account of a serious disease or injury to the eye which has not affected the cornea. 2. The cornea of an eye removed from the body of a person just deceased.

3. The cornea removed from a person's other blind eye (this is the case of the cornea being transparent).

Just how great are the chances for successful grafting of the cornea? The results from the Odessa Clinic where the majority of these operations have been performed reveal that ten per cent are successful. There are of course a great many causes of blindness, and the cornea grafting operation cannot be used in all cases with complete success.

For instance there is no hope for success in cases in which the interior of the eye has become hopelessly diseased, such as the retina or optic nerve. Eyes which have a sound optic nerve but in which the cornea has become clouded due to ulcers because of disease or accident will greatly benefit by replacing the opaque cornea with a clear one.

Dr. Filatoff of the Ocular Clinic at the Medical Institute of Odessa has found that out of 235,000 blind men in his district approximately one-half have become blind because of opaque corneas. The same proportion probably obtains in other countries. The cornea grafting operation is a godsend to those unfortunates. In Russia this operation has attained the highest degree of development because of the co-operation of the government. A systematic search for the blind of Russia has already been begun by the All-Russian Society of the Blind. The eye surgeons of Russia will have an opportunity to bring light into the

lives of hundreds of thousands of unfortunate people.

While the question of cornea grafting is too new and too vast for practical realization in other countries the surgeons of Russia do not permit this drawback to dampen their ardor. They have already organized hospitals and clinics for this important work.

The most important problem in this connection has been very neatly solved. When there is a large number of candidates for the operation, care has been taken to have a sufficient quantity of material for grafting. Several such sources have been found.

The first source of clear, light-giving corneas for grafting is the eyes removed from patients because of accident or serious disease. This, however, supplies but a small number of grafts.

The next source is the eyes of the dead. By observing certain measures of precaution when removing the eyes and preserving them, such eyes can be used very successfully for grafting purposes during a period of several days. Drs. Filatoff and Sakharoff found that the eyes obtained from dead abortions at the Odessa Maternity Home were also of value as a source of corneal grafts.

Of course the greatest source of eyes is those of the dead. In Russia this is a problem which is considerably easier to solve than elsewhere. The State is supreme, and prejudice

and superstition have no place in the present scheme of things. It is impossible to obtain the eyes of a dead person without the consent of relatives.

However, this is now being overcome in the Soviet Union.

The dead no longer have need for their eyes. Their removal is not disfiguring to the corpse. The eyes of a dead person cannot be seen as they are hidden under the eyelids. Even if there is slight deformity, artificial eyes can be used.

There is certainly no greater contribution that the dead could make to the living than that of their eyes for which they no longer have any use. In Russia the blind are being made to see again because of this provision. Modern surgery has made a great contribution, but it can never become a real success unless there is an unlimited supply of clear corneas.

A number of eyes of the dead are now preserved under special conditions of temperature and asepsis in many Russian eye clinics. The clear front portion of the dead eye is being substituted daily for the opaque, blind portion of the living eye. Many whose lives had been one long nightmare of gloomy night are now being made bright and glad by the eyes of the dead which now begin to serve a useful purpose. The modern eye surgeons, the light bringers are really able to do something for perhaps the greatest of all tragedies of the living, blindness. —EDWARD PODOLSKY



# I STAMMER

A STAMMERER'S SET OF TRICKS FOR  
LEAPING OVER THE STUMBLE-WORDS



I STAMMER, frequently tripping on the hard consonants but usually getting by fine with the softer vowels.

Once I wanted to sell my sailing boat for nine hundred dollars. I knew it was well worth that amount and I had a hot prospect for whom I was to demonstrate the craft. I took the buyer for a short sail and he appeared well satisfied.

Finally he demanded:

"Now, please, give me your very lowest price on this boat."

"N-n-nn-nnn-nnnn—" Groping frantically for the nearest vowel—and higher—number, I blurted:

"Eleven hundred."

"Give you a thousand!"

"Sold!"

That was one of the very rare flashes of silver lining to appear at the edge of the cloud constantly hovering over me because of my lettered speech.

I dearly love buttered toast—toast that is buttered while it is in the oven or on the toaster. But, for the life of me, I can rarely order it in a restaurant, because I get all tangled up with the "b" in "buttered." After great effort, I sometimes can utter the word

"toast" and then I sit and wait hopelessly, and usually in vain, for toast that will come to me with the rich, golden butter melted into the crispy bread. I like to eat on railroad diners, for there I can write out my order and put "buttered" in capitals.

How I grope for synonyms! I have frequent contact with the boating business but the word "boat," standing fearfully out by itself, is an insurmountable obstacle, so I must go into great detail and say "sloop," "schooner," "skiff," "cruiser" or "outboard"—all easy words—and then wonder if my listener thinks well, there's a dumb landlubber who wants to impress me with his salty vocabulary.

Listen closely when I say "Pacific" and you're likely to hear a brand new word "spacific," with the "s" as silent as possible but with bass drum effect on the "pacific." I use the "s" as a vaulting pole to hurdle over the consonant "p," which is hard to pronounce when it starts a word.

My black list changes. For a long time I couldn't pronounce words beginning with "f" but generally could handle "v," so frequently I'd attempt



to substitute the easy letter for the hard. I'd say "vish" for "fish." Recently I found I was getting away with the substitution so well that my "vish" had sprouted fins and honestly became a "fish." This gave me confidence and right now I can say any of the dreaded "f" words easily, but maybe tomorrow something—I don't know what—will happen and the "f" family will go back on the shelf with the rest of the outcasts.

I know the stairways of all the eleventh floors of the tall buildings in my town because the words "ten" and "twelve" are stumblers. If I must go to a twelfth floor, I enter the elevator praying one of the other passengers will call out that number before the car gets up too far. The third floor is easy, for I hold up three fingers to the elevator operator. "Six," "seven" and "eight" are not hard to say and I always can climb to the second floor without waiting to struggle with the "t"-word "two."

Introduction of the dial phones was a blessing without disguise to me, for I always had trouble in asking central for numbers with prefixes beginning with "d," "b," "f" and sometimes "l." "Dunkirk" was hard, for "Beach" I sometimes could substitute "Speech" and frequently a kind operator would give me the "Fowler" number I'd want if she would stretch her imagination when I'd ask for "Vowler." I've often wished the telephone company would have a special, sympathetic central to take the calls of stutterers,

or who might understand a Morse telegraph code call if clicked out with the receiver hook.

Once my house-hunting wife found a new apartment, just what we were looking for, but on a street whose name began with that dreaded letter "b," "Birch" street, I think it was. I wouldn't move. I just balked. The landlord of the Birch street apartment never did know why my wife failed to return after she had practically rented the place.

Some time ago I attended a university extension course for stammerers and obtained splendid results, but not those I set out for. The class was conducted by a refined, sympathetic woman, a woman who had a national reputation among correctors of speech disorders and a real interest in everyone there.

We were told our trouble was mental and not physical and that we had built up hazards in our minds over which our words could not climb.

"Have confidence!" was the theme of the course. "Assert yourselves! Exercise will power! Be a leader, not a follower!" This pep talk made me think. All my life I'd been in newspaper work, on a small salary and getting nowhere fast. As I looked about, I saw the teacher was right. The successful men were the men who did things. All I needed was a little drive, a little initiative! Also I needed money, for a baby was coming.

So I launched a community newspaper and that step was a turning

point in my life. But when I started that venture I had to give up the speech class for lack of time. Even though it didn't do what it set out to do for me, it did pull me out of a rut and put me into a higher income bracket, for the newspaper was successful and later I acquired others. I don't suppose that lovely speech teacher ever realized her talk started a chain of newspapers, for I haven't seen her since. Some day I'm going back and stammer my thanks to her.

When I ventured forth with the dummy sheets of my newspaper I kept thinking of the instructor's words and telling myself, "I can talk. I can sell advertising. There's nothing wrong with my speech." I sold the advertising, even if at first I would walk up and down in front of a man's store two or three times before getting up nerve enough to go in.

When our baby daughter arrived, I received a crushing blow, for my wife named her "Betty"—no, not "Elizabeth" or "Lizbeth"—but just awesome, hard-to-pronounce "Betty." I call my little girl "Angel" because she is one and also because that name is easy for me. If anyone asks me point blank my daughter's name, I'll tackle "Betty" but nine times out of ten won't get away with it and so will say it is "Alice." She is "Betty" to her mother's friends and "Alice" to her father's.

History says we stammerers are in pretty good company. Moses, the great lawgiver, was a stammerer and

his brother Aaron became his mouth-piece. Aesop, Virgil and Demosthenes suffered with afflicted speech and the latter is famed in legend as one of the earliest examples of a complete cure. Textbooks relate how he put rocks and gravel in his mouth to handicap himself still further in an effort to give his vocal organs more power. Today's crop of historians say our own George Washington was a stutterer. The poor have not been able to escape this trouble and the rich cannot buy immunity. I often wonder if that movie stammerer, Roscoe Ates, is really afflicted, for he flounders and struggles so naturally and effectively with his words.

As far as I know, there is no fraternity or association of stammerers and stutterers. Imagine a convention of us! And one of the delegates trying to broadcast a speech!

From reading the experiences of others, however, I find my symptoms are like the rest. Each of us has his banned words, unutterable when they stand alone but easier to handle when they come in the middle of a sentence. And when we talk in unison with others or sing in chorus there is no trouble. One authority recommends that a stammerer "sing it," when he comes to a tough word. Wonder what my prospects would say if I'd burst into song when I try to sell them advertising!

My friends and family are most considerate toward me and my peculiar method of talking. Once my

daughter looked at me in amazement when I tried to tell her something about her mother, made faces and went "M-m-m-m" for what seemed like an hour before I could push out "Mama." Betty probably was finding out then that there was something wrong with the old man. But her mother told her later, "Now, daughter, you mustn't mind the way Daddy talks; that's his own language and you have to learn to understand it." When I get bold and try to tell a story, my wife stands by as a relief voice, picks up the sinking yarn and portages it over the consonanted rocks to the calmer voweled waters beyond. We work together like a vaudeville team.

Like other stammerers, I have good spells and bad spells with my voice. Once I was sailing along splendidly for a week or more, tackling the unutterables and uttering them until a man on whom I was calling, said,

"I want to ask you a personal question."

"Shoot."

"How did you improve your speech? When I first knew you, it was really hard to understand what you were trying to say. Today you are talking perfectly."

That comment was a jinx. At once my thoughts reverted to my speech and I stammered badly for a week afterwards, unable to say a dozen words without faltering.

Come with me into a strange office to try to see a man whose name begins

with "L," such as "Lake." I'll stop outside the door, write the name down in big, plain letters on a sheet of paper, put the paper in my pocket and then brush bravely up to the information desk. First I'll try to say "Lake," but if that doesn't come I'll try "Ake" or "Yake." If that try is poor, then I'll act as if I'd clean forgotten the man's name and start fishing in my pocket for the paper. By that time the girl at the desk usually is as curious as I am to know who I want to see and when I finally pull the sheet out triumphantly and hold it up so she can see, she'll say:

"Oh, you want to see Mr. Lake!"

"Yes, Mr. Lake," for I can say a word after someone else has said it and when its utterance is inconsequential.

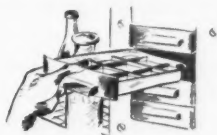
"Sorry, but he is out."

So all that show for nothing, but the chances are ten to one that the next time I show up at that office the information girl will say to herself, "Here's that nut who wants to see Lake." She'll know me! How could she forget? I'm marked.

And so I go on, stumbling and stuttering through the years. Maybe my affliction has held me back, maybe not. Authorities do say that stammering often creates an inferiority complex in the mind of the stammerer and doubtless they are correct in many instances. I can't say I get much of a kick out of the situation but at least a perverted sense of humor does soften some of the blows and makes the struggle interesting.—ANONYMOUS

# COOLNESS FROM HEAT

A SIMPLIFIED EXPLANATION OF THE  
PROCESS BY WHICH HEAT MAKES COLD



IN ORDER to understand what happens inside of your refrigerator, it is necessary to think a little bit about the nature of liquids and gases.

As far as we are concerned, a liquid may be defined as any substance which will take the shape of any open vessel in which it is poured, while a gas will not only fill the open vessel, but will escape through the opening. In a liquid the tiny minute particles known as molecules roll over one another and we say that it flows. In a gas, they do not roll over one another, but move about in all directions.

If we compress a gas its tiny molecules will come closer and closer to one another until they will actually come in contact with one another. At this point, they join together and become a liquid.

Just as we can turn a gas into a liquid by compressing it, so we can turn a liquid into a gas by releasing pressure on that liquid. On top of high mountains where the atmospheric pressure is much less than it is at sea level, water becomes a vapor much more readily. It is much easier to boil water at high altitudes than

it is at sea level. This is an important principle which must be kept in mind before we can understand the refrigerator.

Another important principle is shown by the fact that if you stand in a wet bathing suit, you will shiver as the wind blows against you. You probably have done this, and wondered why the same breeze which was so warm when you were walking toward the water was uncomfortably cold when you were walking away from it. The answer is that the wind was still warm, but that the evaporation of the water on your bathing suit, hastened by the wind, caused the sensation of cold. When water changes from the liquid state to the vapor state it requires heat and it takes it from the nearest available source which in this case happens to be your skin.

The process of evaporation takes place whenever water is in contact with air, unless the air already contains all the moisture it can hold. It is the same process in the violent bubbling of a kettle of boiling water and in the drying of clothes hung on a line. In the case of the wet bathing

suit, there is no gas flame to supply the heat necessary for vaporization. But when no visible heat is supplied the heat is taken from the surrounding objects and the temperature of these is lowered.

Cold is simply the lack of heat, the same as darkness is the absence of light. In order to cool something, we can introduce a body of lower temperature next to it, and let nature take its course. To cool water, you drop a piece of ice into it. To cool yourself, you take a cold drink or a cold bath.

When water evaporates from our skin and turns to gas, it takes heat from our skin and we feel cold. In the same way, when a gas turns to a liquid, heat is let loose. If we send a gas from a compartment of low pressure to a compartment of higher pressure, that gas will turn to a liquid. In turning to a liquid, heat is liberated. If now we remove this heat and allow this newly formed liquid to turn into a gas again by leading it back into the compartment of lower pressure, the liquid, in turning to a gas, will absorb heat, and that heat will be supplied from the nearest source. That is the principle of the refrigerator. The gas used is sulphur dioxide, and the electric refrigerator is simply a device for making the sulphur dioxide take the heat out of the inside of the compartment containing food as it changes from the liquid state to the gaseous state.

An electric motor drives a pump

which compresses the sulphur dioxide gas. When the gas is compressed, it becomes a liquid in the pipes, and in changing from a gas to a liquid, it gives off heat. This hot liquid is then lead through a coil and cooled. After it has been cooled to nearly the same temperature as the room, it proceeds through a valve to another coil in the compartment containing the food. This secondary coil is kept at a low pressure by the same pump that compresses the gas, since this pump is steadily pumping the gas out of this coil and into the condensing coil. As the sulphur dioxide passes the valve it evaporates and becomes a gas once more, since it is passing from a high pressure to a low pressure. As it changes from a liquid to a gas, it takes in heat as was explained before. This heat is taken from the inside of the food compartment, and the food compartment continues to get colder and colder as the pump continues working. Since it is not desirable to make the food so cold that it will freeze, there is a thermostat arranged so that it will stop the motor when a certain temperature is reached.

The thermostat consists of a small cylindrical box filled with a gas. The sides of the box are flexible, so that it can expand and contract like an accordion. Now we know that as the temperature rises, the pressure increases, and conversely, as the temperature falls, the pressure decreases. And so, in the thermostat, as the temperature falls, the box contracts. This

moves a switch and when the temperature reaches a certain point, the switch is opened and the motor stops. Similarly, when the temperature rises, the gas expands and the switch is closed. By this means, the motor is allowed to run steadily for about 15 minutes and then is stopped for about 45 minutes.

The walls around the food compartment are made very thick. They are made of cork or some similar material which is a good insulator against heat. This is one of the most important things in making a refrigerator which will be efficient.

In commercial ice-making ammonia is usually used instead of sulphur dioxide. This is more efficient, but it is unsuitable for use in the home because a higher pressure is necessary to liquefy ammonia and in consequence there is more chance of the gas leaking. Many manufacturers of refrigerators for the home have developed other varieties of refrigerants, but in all cases, the actual working of the refrigerator is the same.

Refrigerators that operate by means of gas instead of electricity do so in a novel and interesting manner. The purpose of the pump in the electric refrigerator was to increase and lower the pressures in the compartments containing the sulphur dioxide. We saw how important it was to send this gas from a lower pressure to a higher pressure, thus turning it into a liquid, and then reversing the process, turning it back into a gas. In the

refrigerator operated by illuminating gas, ammonia is used instead of sulphur dioxide. Before we can understand what happens in this gas refrigerator, let's go back for a moment to the wet bathing suit. We said that evaporation was a cooling process—that if evaporation takes place heat will be taken from the nearest available source. This principle is taken advantage of entirely in the gas refrigerator. You can see that if you filled a pipe partially with alcohol and blew air through that pipe, you would not only cause the alcohol to evaporate but, in so doing, you would cool the pipe and, if you kept on doing this continually—if you kept pouring alcohol into a pipe and blowing air through the pipe continually, the pipe would become colder and colder. It would become so cold indeed that if it were placed near a tray of water it would lower the temperature of the water so much that the water would freeze. Briefly, that is how we get our ice cubes.

The principle of the gas refrigerator in its simplest form is merely a method of supplying a pipe continually with an easily evaporated liquid and, at the same time, sending through that pipe something like air to cause the evaporation. The place where the evaporation takes place, which happens to be in the ice cube chamber, is called the evaporator. The place where the vapor that is the evaporated ammonia comes down and becomes a liquid again is called the absorber.

The absorber and the evaporator form a continuous cycle, the absorber always supplying air, or its substitute, to the evaporator and the evaporator always supplying vapor to the absorber.

In order to eliminate mechanical pumps and all mechanical motion and at the same time to keep a steady supply of gas changing to liquid and liquid changing back to gas, we have the following taking place: Ammonia gas readily dissolves in water. This solution is heated by a gas flame and made to ascend a vertical pipe, in the same way that coffee runs up the percolator. In going up this pipe the ammonia is separated from the water because it turns to a gas or boils before the water does, and, part way up the pipe, the ammonia turns to gas and the water remains a liquid. This liquid being so much heavier is easily separated therefore from the ammonia gas. The ammonia gas is now led into a condenser, which is nothing more than a series of coils over which cold water is allowed to run. This hot ammonia gas is cooled and condensed into a liquid. This liquid ammonia is run through the evaporator and, while it is going through the evaporator, cold hydrogen is blown in.

The combination of the cold hydrogen and the liquid ammonia causes a rapid evaporation, and the ammonia, in turning into gas, reduces the temperature of the coils and takes heat from wherever it can in the immediate neighborhood. This immediate

neighborhood happens to be the food compartment and the place where the trays of water are kept. The temperature throughout is lowered and in time the water freezes and we get ice cubes.

The ammonia which is now gas is led by a pipe into the absorber. You remember we mentioned in the beginning that water entered the absorber from the original vertical pipe. This water is allowed to trickle down through the absorber, is cooled by the water running through pipes on the outside of it, and the ammonia immediately dissolves in the water inside the absorber, and we have ammonia dissolved in water which we take back into the heat chamber, and the same thing takes place all over again.

The hydrogen is circulated from the absorber to the evaporator and back again to the absorber. The reason it makes this cycle is fairly obvious: Because it is lighter than air, it naturally goes up the pipe leading from the absorber to the evaporator. In the evaporator it meets the liquid ammonia which it turns to gas. Now hydrogen in combination with ammonia gas is heavier than pure hydrogen; consequently, it falls from the evaporator back into the absorber.

In this way heat makes cold, and as long as the gas flame is on the system is kept in operation. There is no necessity for pumps or moving parts—it is all done on the principle of the coffee percolator.

—JEROME S. MEYER AND  
CHARLES S. BRISK





### STREET SCENE IN STRAW

A product of native Mexican art, this mosaic made up of bits of colored straw depicts the typical Mexican village with a remarkable fidelity and realism. Only a "rough" medium like straw could convey the sense of roughness that you feel in the cobblestoned street.

AUGUST, 1937





#### STRAW MOSAIC SWEETHEARTS—I

Peeking out from beneath the serape are the tell-tale feet of a girl. The word "Felicidades," indicating the use of the mosaics as congratulatory cards, characterizes the Mexican credo of art-for-a-purpose, whether thus humbly or in the tremendous scope of their murals.



#### STRAW MOSAIC SWEETHEARTS—II

All Mexican straw mosaics are as ingenious in technique as some of them are outstanding in the display of genuine native talent. The vari-colored bits of dyed straw must be assembled on gummy, tissue-thin mounting paper with an infinity of precision and patience.

AUGUST, 1937



#### PORTRAIT OF CHARLES WEIDMAN

Aside from his portraits, Donald Forbes' work consists chiefly of paintings of inanimate forms drenched in their atmospheres. For him painting is most deadly, serious business and as a result there is a strong man's signature on his work—none other than his own.

## ABOUT DONALD FORBES

NOT SUNLIGHT BUT A BROODING PHILOSOPHY  
ILLUMINATES HIS POWERFUL, FIERCE ART



THERE is such sombre brooding in the painting of Donald Forbes, such statement and implication of philosophy, melancholy and poverty that his work just about keeps itself free from the imputations of madness and surrealism. He paints recognizable objects recognizably but one senses that a philosophy determines their selection and juxtaposition and the strange, even fierce, light in which they are drenched. His is not the light of the sun; indeed, his normal atmosphere is that of tragic shadow. A roomful of his pictures must disturb the most obtuse of us and haunt the less insensitive. There must be something more in his choice of almost gangrenous colors than preference for a low-keyed palette. About several of his paintings, notably *Locomotive in the Forest* and that showing a man flying a kite in a thunderstorm in the shadow of a huge factory chimney, there is the challenge of a strange sickness. By contrast with most of his work, the self-portrait reproduced is placid.

He is as American as his name. Now in his early thirties, he was born and

lived the greater part of his life in Nebraska, where he became conscious of, not waving wheat and cornfields, but the ruins of factories and the dump heaps of machinery. The monolithic chimney in his thunderstorm picture is the last remaining vestige of a factory destroyed by fire. He paints an abandoned metal door, or a mill wheel, as if there was something mystical about it. The *Locomotive in the Forest* implies the pathos of machinery invading woodland and being conquered by it.

His first interest was music and he plays the piano. But at the age of twenty or thereabouts, he awoke to the realization that he was not destined for music; he wanted to paint.

With the guidance of a number of painters, he began to study. He attended no academy, no class, sat at the feet of no Master. He worked out his own problems. For better or worse, he is self-taught.

He is tall, almost gaunt, serious, deliberate, logical. He has exhibited in group shows, at the Boston and Brooklyn museums. The going is, necessarily, slow.—HARRY SALPETER

# A NOTE ON MOZART

GENIUS FOLLOWED THE CLASSIC PATTERN  
FROM PRECOCITY TO DEATH IN POVERTY



JOHANNES Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Sigismundus Mozart had at birth as many names as any prince and was more richly endowed. He was music's first and greatest *wunderkind*. At three his baby fingers sought out attractive harmonies on the piano. At four he daubed notes on music paper, dipping his pen to the very bottom of the inkwell, wiping the blots with the palm of his hand. At five he wrote a harmonically sound concerto and, when told it was unplayable, replied: "That's why it is a concerto."

At six he began the first of innumerable tours that brought him world fame. At seven he was bumping into royalty and telling the small Marie Antoinette, who ran to pick him up (as he fell on the slippery floor), "You are nice; I will marry you. . . ." At eight he had composed a symphony (and was playing at sight the second violin part in a trio of professional musicians admitting, "There is no need to learn to play *second* violin.") At eleven he had written both an oratorio and an opera. At twelve he composed a mass. At thirty-six when he

died he left 600-odd compositions, which for pure inspiration have never been equaled.

The character of the inner Mozart we do not know. First-hand documents are too few for that. We have his letters, it is true. Reading them is like listening to only one end of a telephone conversation. And letters and diaries, as has been proved, are not always truthful.

For example, there remain only the thoughts of Mozart and his father concerning their relations with Archbishop Hieronymous and Count Arco whose celebrated kick speeded Mozart out of a Vienna castle. Under the circumstances we would expect the musician's attitude to be biased. As Ernest Newman points out, the accepted story of this encounter might take on quite another aspect had the Archbishop and his chamberlain thought Mozart sufficiently important to record for posterity an account of their troubles with him.

Mozart and his father were servants in the pay of the Archbishop and, from all accounts, were bad ones. They went on extended vacations, didn't

do the work they had been hired to do and, when brought to task, refused to admit they were at fault or resign. Treating composers the same as scullions was the practice of the day. The Archbishop could not be expected to know that Mozart was writing immortal music. The current notion of Mozart, as of many of the older composers, is largely false. He has been over-sentimentalized, made into a Pollyannish ideal.

The legendary Mozart is a bright-eyed, dainty, nimble-witted and good humored chap with a flair for writing tinkly tunes . . . who passed from being society's darling to starvation and burial in a pauper's grave. The personality is that of a bumptious choirboy, cherubic and carefree, "as heartless as the birds."

Not much is made of the fact that he lost all his jobs and failed to keep his friends. It may have been "a waspish tongue combined with lack of breeding—there are no traces of any real interest on his part in painting, sculpture or literature. . . ." It may have been that he was "too unimpressive in appearance . . . with his small stature, disproportionately developed head and excessively large nose." It may have been his general irresponsibility. The real reason will never be known.

Our knowledge of Mozart depends on oft-repeated tales: As a child he would ask his father and mother and older sister, "Do you love me?" If they did not respond at once, his eyes

would fill with tears. Always affectionate, he wanted both to be loved and to love.

He was fidgety and flighty in the Salzburg manner. While washing in the morning, he never stood still but kept running between various windows. At the table, he played continuously with his napkin or the silver. He was always fondling his watch-chain or drumming his fingers against his cheek. He would jump out of his *friseur's* chair and run to the piano, the *friseur* after him yanking at the ribbon to tie his queue.

He liked to laugh, and his letters are full of references to unmentionable things. Billiards and ninepins were his favorite sports, and he sought the company of attractive women.

The foremost prodigy of his time and a capital entertainer—he said he never exerted himself unless a connoisseur were present—he earned more money in his early life than his colleagues. But he was always broke, borrowing and spending more than he earned. Asked to send the Government a statement of his salary, he wrote: "Too much for what I have done. Too little for what I could have done."

In all practical matters he was helpless. His wife cut his meat, arranged every detail of his living even to making him punch and telling him fairy stories in the long night to help him write.

He composed more music than he jotted down. His ideas worked them-

selves out completely in his mind; putting them on paper was a purely mechanical process that he delayed as long as possible. This gave rise to incredible stories, such as the one that the *Don Giovanni* overture was written the evening of the performance, the orchestral parts arriving at the theatre barely in time.

Sometimes Mozart came to premières of his works with only bare outlines of the solo part that he had scribbled during a billiard game. The Emperor chanced to look down once when he was playing a new sonata with a pretty young violinist and saw on the piano rack an empty blank paper. Sending for it to make certain, he inquired of Mozart where the actual composition was. Mozart pointed to his head.

★ ★ ★

As with all composers who wrote roomfuls of music, Mozart's output varied. Along with immortal commentaries on the mainsprings of human conduct, there are *pièces d'occasion*. Fortunately, few of the latter are performed today.

All Mozart's music is, in a sense, the product of matchless workmanship . . . a workmanship akin to the spontaneity of natural phenomena. Not all of it, naturally, is filled with his ripe wit, humor, melancholy, and passion. Not every piece breathes the intimacy of a personal confession.

Mozart is (at once) the most personal and the most impersonal of composers. His music comes from the

air and returns to it. Its form is fixed, classic, and yet it is formless. It is, as someone has said, "condensed sunshine."

Unfortunately, many listeners never penetrate beneath its outer façade of rococo scrolls and baroque cherubs. They have not understood that, both when it vitalizes stage personalities and is absolute, it expresses every feeling known to humanity. With a turn of a phrase, a poignant utterance of despair resolves itself into noble resignation, heroic splendor becomes gentle melancholy.

Those who think the form of all Mozart's music is alike should know that French experts divide it into no fewer than thirty-four periods. They describe his "passing from one model to another, Christian Bach and Abel giving place to the Italian masters and vitalizing with a significance and beauty both loftier and wholly original, the ideas of methods revealed to him by their work."

They liken his musical life to that of "a child who can think of nothing but his new toy, who eats with it, sleeps with it and, one fine day, throws it into a cupboard and remembers it no more." With exhaustive thoroughness they have analyzed all his compositions, making it easy to comprehend why he is regarded as the "eighth wonder" to such divergent musicians as Rossini and Tchaikovsky, Chopin and Brahms, Sibelius and Richard Strauss.

—CARLETON SMITH



# END OF TOGETHERNESS

*SHE HAD THE COMFORT OF KNOWING THEY  
WERE HAPPIER THAN MOST MARRIED COUPLES*



THE day before yesterday she had been a wife.

One of the moving men spoke to her and she answered,

"Yes, that's all. Just the studio couch and that table, and those two lamps; yes, those chairs and that box of books. The other things don't go."

She stood by the window and watched them tearing the studio couch from the fragment of wall. They had never changed the couch from its place between the hall and kitchen doors. Once in a while they had talked of it.

"How about the other side, where the big bookcase is?" Wex used to ask.

But each time, after expectant shifting, they would put the couch back where it had always been.

Some of the other pieces they had moved about: the gray overstuffed chair, the drop-leaf table. The bedroom furniture they had changed every spring.

"Oh, one more thing," Martha said to the moving men. "There's a dressing table in the bedroom. That goes, too. No, the wide one, with the mirror."

And the men in rumpled overalls paraded with her dresser through the

half-empty living room, and out through the little hall. She heard the door opening and the thump of their feet, heaved by the weight of the dresser, as they started down the stairs.

Then the door swung shut, and her throat clicked tight and locked the sound of weeping inside of her.

Now I must go, she said; I'm all ready. I must be at the apartment when the moving men get there.

She sat down in the gray armchair and the place where the other one, the large green one, had stood looked at her in emptiness and terror.

"It's so much better this way, isn't it; isn't it?" Wex had demanded, imploring. He had been in the green chair and his face, turned to look at her, had been unfamiliar in desperation. "It's a lot better than if we had had a fight or something. Isn't it, Martha; isn't it?"

"Yes," she had said, matching her lie to his. "Much better."

"It's easier," Wex said; "we can talk things over together now; there won't be any bitterness or misunderstanding."

She nodded, unable longer to speak,



making her head do the lying for her.

He spoke some more, but he did not move from his chair. From the length of the room he said again the words that they had said to each other, only an hour ago, when the final moment suddenly came with pre-ordination and irrevocability, growing out of nothingness.

"We can't go on, Martha. It's got to come sooner or later. We've tried; four years is long enough to find out."

A stricken coward, she said, "We could try some more."

"That's what we've always said before this, all the other times. And it isn't any use. You know that, don't you, Martha? We just can't do it."

Saying, as always, "we," as if he were somehow to blame.

"I've tried to love you, Wex; you know that. But you can't manufacture love. And I do love you, really. Only not the way I ought to, not the way a wife loves a husband." Going on and on, elaborating, proving; with her steady, calm hand sticking the knife into him, again and again, deeper, more deeply; twisting it about. Saying, after four years, the things that every day she had lived with and hidden from him; only now she knew that he had known, and always known.

"You've known it," she said, with no surprise now, and no reproach, stating only.

"Yes."

"And yet—"

"We've pretended." For he was calm, too; even his voice was deeper

and of another timbre, no longer the voice of Wex, her husband.

She said, "I've wanted to love you." She reached for more butter, and they sat opposite each other, chewing very steadily, passing string beans and mashed potato to each other; like a man and wife at any dinner table, they ate and talked.

With the stranger's voice Wex spoke again. "You never came to me. You never wanted me. I used to wait and I kept hoping . . . I need love, I guess I'm one of those people who needs love. And I've always loved you so much."

"Yes, I know. And I've tried . . ." Starting again; and once more, all the same things. And then they got up from the table without remembering the dessert that she had made for them in the electric refrigerator. She had made maple-walnut ice cream, because he was so fond of it; and she had spent the afternoon in making little cakes with icing, thinking of his pleasure when he would see them.

Then, the weird, icy moment over, she knew panic and she saw, as always, how preposterous was the thing they had talked about. Separation, they had said; divorce, they had stated calmly.

But they were sitting in their long, so-familiar living room, with the furniture they had selected together grouped about them, with their cat licking his tail on the floor between them. Their radio was playing; Wex had turned it on, a nightly act, when they came into the living room, leav-

ing the dishes on the table to wash a little later.

Because he did not speak at first she thought that, like her, he had found again how ridiculous, how impossible, was the thing they had talked about while they ate. For they had much together; they could talk together, they stimulated each other's minds; they had respect for each other.

"Weren't we silly at supper?" she said.

"Silly?" He looked up then, and then she knew. "No."

Panicky, she said quickly:

"But I don't want to go away from you. I can't live without you, Wex."

"Oh, yes."

And what about you, she cried inside of her; you who have lived four years only to please me, to think about me, to plan for me; who have built up your life only to love me? Who have taught me to become so dependent on your love that now my heart stops and my breath is frozen?

"And you?" she asked.

"We'll be happier apart," he answered. "Honestly, we will, Martha."

"Maybe; sometime . . ."

"Right away," he said.

"You mean, this fall . . ."

"Tomorrow, or the next day. Now that it's decided."

"We haven't decided anything, Wex." She did not know him, and she was filled with terror.

He said, "We can't go on after tonight, the things we said; and it's all

true, every bit of it." He put down the newspaper he had been holding, and looked around. His eyes turned first to the cat and he asked,

"Will you want Peter?"

She began to cry, very softly, keeping it to herself.

Then he got up and started to move about the room, looking around, but keeping his back turned always toward her. Seeing him, her fear went again, for she thought, But Wex will always be with me; I know him too well, his walk, the swing of his arms, the little jerky movement of his shoulders, the way his dark hair climbs in back; his profile, his thin hands, his voice; his shoes on our carpet, the sound of his quick light footsteps in this, our room?

"You take all the books you want," Wex said. "Pick them out tomorrow; I'll pack them."

She watched him, cold and still.

"What about the bed?" he asked then. "I can sleep on the couch. You'd better take the bed and your dresser."

She could not speak, but she said to herself, softly and in dread, I sleep so quietly, I'll take the couch. You twist about so you'd fall to the floor. You keep the bed, Wex.

"You'd better take the radio, too," he said.

"No, you keep the radio," (Her voice at last stumbling in at its proper cue). "Music means more to you than to me."

"I could have the old phonograph."

She began to sob, pressing her hands to her mouth, turning her head. "You keep them both, Wex."

At once he was there, as she had known. If he had not come it would have been all the worlds crashing together and breaking to pieces.

"Baby, don't," he begged. "Don't cry like that! It'll seem so different after a while, after a few months, a year or so. You've got to believe that, honey dear. Our marriage hasn't been a real marriage; you've been unhappy all the time, and that's made me miserable. It does something to a man to know he isn't making his wife happy. You can understand that, can't you, Martha?"

She pressed herself against him and, when her lips could again hold the shapes of words, she whispered,

"We've had companionship, Wex. That's the main thing."

He said, "No, it isn't the main thing." Telling her now what she had told herself for four years, and tonight denied.

For tonight, with all her woman's being, she clung only to the things she had had in abundance and which a woman needs; the care, the protection, the companionship, the sheltering love, the kindness.

"So we'll do it now, right away," Wex said. "I'll get a moving man tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow!"

"The next day, then."

"Where'll I go?"

"I'll find a place for you if you

want, if you'd rather not look for one yourself. I've got to stay here, of course. You can go to live in the city."

"I want to stay here at home," she said, laughing on a sudden, hysterical breath, for once more, with him standing there, his arms about her in their own home, the words they were saying were fantastic and beyond the scope of their lives. Her little, wild laughter was urging him to smile, and she saw him try; but then his arms dropped from her and, looking hideously tired, he went to the other side of the room and sat down in the green armchair.

"We've got to do it, Martha," he said. He picked up the newspaper.

She seized a magazine and held it high so that he could not see how utterly her life flowed out of her with the raining tears.

We shouldn't ever have married, she thought; but we were so young, I was so young. Young? No, not a child, but a thousand years younger than I am now; and I was tired and lonely, and he was kind. He loved me so dearly, so tenderly, and I was lonely. Why do people marry; what is love, she asked herself. . . . At first I didn't know why I was unhappy; I did not know that I was unhappy. How do women know? It takes a passage of time before they know anything at all after they are married, it takes a long time to make sure. And he was so kind. Is this love, I asked, then; and I did not know.

People said, How well you two get

along. Yes, we answered; we are so different from each other, we complement each other. And we imagined that we believed it.

You're not happy with me, Wex said, already two years ago.

Coward, Martha said; that's when I should have left him. It would have been so simple then, compared to this . . . But instead we kept on building with such minute care, building and sharing, taking from each other the infinitesimal, unimportant, horribly important words and nuances of moods; tying ourselves together with a million tiny gestures and glances and silences, the consciousness of a personality grown more familiar than the feeling of your own legs moving beneath you . . . growing dependent, having to save the foolish, so-necessary details of each day's casual passing for the demanding need of the other. . . . Sharing, sharing, weaving the net more firmly.

"You should go away from me," Wex said, one horrible night.

"Oh, no."

"But you're not happy with me." His voice, his eyes (whose look in darkness she could see, having seen it so many times) crying out to her to deny the words he said.

"Yes, I am, Wex." Denying for him.

Then it passed again, and once more the building and the weaving.

"I'm not entirely happy with Wex," she said, in dangerous confidence, to her closest friend.

"He's so nice."

"Yes, I know, and so kind."

"You can't expect any marriage to be perfect."

"That's true, isn't it? And we have so much together . . ."

Was it all my fault, then, she asked of herself, probing deeply, frenzied for the truth. Am I to blame? For all I wanted was to love him as I ought, and I willed myself to do it. And I was kind, too, and thoughtful, and companionable, and reasonable; we were always reasonable. All that we wanted, Martha thought in infinite sorrow, was a happy marriage.

Then Wex got up and went out to do the dishes, which they had forgotten.

After a little, she wiped them, as she did each evening.

Then, "We're too different," Wex said.

And she, quickly, "We have so much in common."

"Only the unimportant things. But we've been happy at times, haven't we? Haven't we, Martha?"

"Oh yes; oh yes."

"Plenty of married couples don't get along half as well as we do, as we did. We never had so much as a quarrel."

"No, we never quarreled . . . Oh, Wex," she said in swift, ephemeral relief, "this won't be forever. Just for a little while, a sort of experiment."

They did not look at each other.

"Just a little while," Martha said, drawing this false comfort toward her.

Wex said, "You'd better take most

of the dishes; I won't need many, just for breakfast, I guess. I won't be doing much cooking by myself."

She turned in abject fear and fled to the darkened bedroom, and he came after her . . . Now, right now, she said, we'll find each other; this is the moment; there has been a misunderstanding but here in darkness, will come the flowing together, the harmony.

But when he began to kiss her, in an agony of passion, she went from him, though her arms were about him; and he got up and walked like a blind man out of the room.

She lay in isolation so great that the loneliness of death seemed small and mild.

. . . And last night, the final hour, what did we say, what did we talk about? Martha sat unmoving. Nothing, she answered herself. What did we do, what did we feel? Nothing. We packed books, I packed my clothes. Moving side by side, we talked, we made little jokes together.

Being together, there was no future that did not hold us so, our feet on the same rug, one's footsteps fading into the echo of the other's. Hearing his voice, in my fancy I tossed the sound of it into all the years that lay ahead.

I'll get work, I said, I've never had any patience with wives who take alimony. He said, Write to me sometime, and I answered, Every day. No, he said, just once in a while.

How strong he is now, Martha

said; and I have to borrow courage from him to make a prop for myself. For I have learned a truth suddenly and alone, and there is no one to share it with me, there is no one that I know, and he among them, who can understand what is clear to me; that it is so hard that strength has to be loaned to you, to surrender another's love for you. To throw away like a shining golden ball this gift of love whose value you have forever known and which always turned meaningless when your fingers would have seized it. To throw it away, helpless and open-eyed; to stand with open eyes and knowingness and, helpless, fling it away.

Now I know grief, I am one with desolation, Martha said, weeping, at last rising to her feet. The moving men . . . She turned to look at the clock, but it had been packed, and the fireplace mantel was silent.

I must go, she said; I must go.

The cat cried at the door. "Peter," she whispered, as to a friend who had died at her feet. She stumbled over him and started down the steps.

And then, going downward unseeing, holding to the wall, she was seized by a paroxysm of anguish that made a mockery of every feeling of grief she had known before.

Who will mend his socks now, she cried out of the blackness of the bottomless pit; who will sew on his buttons? Dear God, who will rub his forehead when he can't fall asleep at night?

—ELIZABETH EASTMAN

## GROWN UP TOY

AMATEUR MOVIE CAMERA-USERS AT LAST  
GO OUTSIDE THE FAMILY FOR SUBJECTS



A COUPLE of years ago a young university man bounced out into the world with a degree, a need for a job—and not a single prospect.

There were several things he wanted to do, but most of all he wanted to land in the production end of Hollywood. It seemed pretty hopeless with his lack of experience and connections, but he worked out an idea for himself, to wit:

He wrote and staged and filmed (with his amateur movie camera) a screen comedy called *Mr. Motorboat's Last Stand*. The titling, the editing, the splicing he did for himself, and when the job was finished, he started it on the rounds by entering it in an amateur competition.

What he had in mind, however, was not the award he won but the fact that some of the men in the professional movie field would see it. Which they did. With the result that he landed a seven-year contract as a cameraman!

Out West another fellow has been making amateur movies of the animals in Kreuger National Park for six years, off and on. In time the Carnegie

Foundation heard about his work, saw it and was impressed by the unusual quality of it. The upshot was the award of a scholarship which is enabling him to travel all over Europe showing his home movies to school children.

The moral is, simply, that the amateur movie camera has come of age.

Take, for instance, Willis Osborn, of New Orleans. Mr. Osborn is just another amateur movie fan like five hundred thousand others, using his camera now and then to shoot some footage of the family, of friends, or his occasional travels.

Having neither wealth nor leisure, Mr. Osborn is not a professional charity patron. But he had accidentally come in contact with an orphanage known as The Thornwell Mission whose work, methods and atmosphere appealed to him. Being human, he had a growing urge to convert his enthusiasm into concrete help, but he couldn't make any financial donations of consequence. Then one day he had a flash of inspiration: his 16 mm. movie camera! He discussed the idea with the trustees and they were very much

interested. So he went to work.

What he did was to make a movie of the life and doings of the children in the orphanage. He showed, with a simple plot and clever continuity, how happy and well-cared for were the members of this jolly Thornwell family—and, by contrast, how unfortunate were those other orphans deprived of this care by the financial limitations of the organization. The result: people put their o. k. on Mr. Osborn's job by sending thousands of dollars to Thornwell.

Do you think of the amateur movie camera as a toy? Well, that sort of plaything deserves a better recognition—and is getting it. Right in this church field we find Berea College, in Kentucky, including in its curriculum a course in amateur movie making covering both photography and script writing so that these budding clergymen will understand how to apply this agency to their work when they go out into the field. In a hundred churches throughout the country, notably in Dr. Fosdick's congregation in New York, the young people's clubs are writing, staging and filming amateur movies on biblical plots. And in other creeds, notably Episcopal and Roman Catholic, amateurs have made some beautiful movie records of the various liturgical ceremonies. Incidentally, the most outstanding amateur movie production yet made is a two-reel dramatization of the scriptural story of Lot, filmed by Dr. James S. Watson, Jr., and Melville Weber.

The social significance of this erstwhile plaything is not limited to church work, however. Several years ago in Syracuse a number of business men, who were also movie makers, cooked up a plan which sought to relieve the unemployment problem among something like 5,000 skilled workers who lacked jobs, and the backbone of this successful drive was a 16 mm. motion picture which these amateurs conceived and filmed to dramatize the situation. From still another angle, the socially prominent Mrs. Marvin Breckenridge has made such beautiful films of her nursing service in the Tennessee mountains that professional theatres have gladly exhibited them. And, to mention two other women while we're at it, Mrs. Margaret McKittrick Burge, the Indian authority, has become famous for her movie work in the Southwest while Mrs. T. Leslie Shear has won an enviable reputation for her films shot in conjunction with Dr. Shear's archaeological researches.

In short, these people have used the movie camera as a means to an end. This toy has great possibilities if it is applied to something more substantial than week-end pot shots. Which doesn't mean necessarily that you have to get behind a cause in order to get the most out of this tool: it simply suggests that you can get the maximum results from it if you will only use it with some definite, tangible plan in mind.

Take, for example, Joe Lilly, the



Des Moines undertaker. Every few years Mr. Lilly goes off on an extended trip into Africa, Indo-China or some other distant quarter of the globe, and he takes his camera on his travels even as you and I. The difference is that when he starts grinding film, he has an idea in his noodle—and that idea is to get stuff that will be interesting and exciting enough to use in an illustrated lecture.

Mr. Lilly is not a professional lecturer, mind you; he is a professional mortician. But he belongs to a dozen clubs in and around Des Moines and he enjoys doing platform work. Consequently, movie making is only a portion of the kick he gets out of this hobby—the rest of the fun comes from showing his “take” for the entertainment and amusement of thousands of people who have come to be his friends.

Another instance of a movie maker with a definite idea is provided by Sidney D. Waldon, Street Railways Commissioner of Detroit. Mr. Waldon's hobby is not movies as such—but movies of birds exclusively. He stalks them winter and summer, spring and fall. And when he gets tired roaming the country, he goes out to a little private preserve in the wilds, miles from a street car, where he has a tiny, one-room shack surrounded by feeding stations at strategic points. He may wait for hours before getting any fodder for his six-inch telephoto lens—or he may not get any at all. But the number of successes he has had

have built up an enviable film library of bird life which, to him, makes life well worth living.

Other fans, to be sure, approach the same goal along other routes. For example, Dr. Claude H. Marvin, president of George Washington University, has one consuming interest beyond pedagogy: making underwater movies in actual colors among the coral reefs of the Bahamas. And Dr. Julius Klein, of Chamber of Commerce fame, has made the finest color travel movies that ever came out of Northern Africa.

In travel, a hundred names bear mention but probably the most phenomenal work of all is that of John V. Hansen, a retired engineer. Mr. Hansen's specialty is color: the kind of color movies that nobody else would have the courage to try, and he shoots an average of 600 rolls of color film a year—at \$9.00 per roll!

One of his most recent achievements was to film in natural colors the famous stained glass windows of Chartres Cathedral. This has been done by still photographers, of course, but never before attempted by movie makers, professional or amateur. So the result is that Mr. Hansen has not only a unique film but the most perfectly gorgeous record of the exquisite play of sunlight and shadow on those priceless 13th century windows.

The job, of course, was a tough one requiring plenty of ingenuity. Mr. Hansen and his camera had to be slung by ropes from a balcony and



thus moved from spot to spot: outside and in he had a string of willing priests whose function it was to relay to him the impending relationship of passing clouds to the sun so he could govern his actions accordingly.

But this man's exploits are always tough. In Thebes he did something even more impossible; he made movies of the murky interiors of the Tombs of the Kings. For that job he stocked up with enough bed sheets to equip a metropolitan hotel. And with a veritable army of natives strategically spotted and holding the sheets at exactly the proper angles, he reflected sufficient light into the tombs to make his pictures.

But let's not dwell upon such monumental achievements: One of last year's Ten Best films was made by a man who photographed nothing more distant than the insects in his own back yard and titled it *Drama Under the Leaves*.

The field is wide open both for those who know little and for those who know a great deal and crave complications. One of the trickiest amateur filming jobs I know of was done by a Californian, E. L. Ritzmann, who decided that he would like to make a picture showing the development of a plant from bud to flower. The job took only 40 feet of film and was shot in exactly 80 seconds' exposure time: the catch is that those 40 feet were exposed through a consecutive period of 16½ days and nights. What Ritzmann did was rig up an automatic

device consisting mainly of an altered 8-day clock movement, a motor from a barber's pole and a pulley. This contraption would turn on the floodlights and start the camera at intervals of 15 minutes, switching off the lights and camera after a few feet had been shot.

All of which says to the camera-owning sluggard, here is a pastime that can be just as constructive as it is diverting. It has gone into the church, the welfare agency, the hospital, the school, the laboratory: indeed, the number of doctors and scientists who have pounced upon this erstwhile toy is legion. Artists use it to study movement and group effects, as witness Norman Bel Geddes, or for teaching as is being done by Dr. Goomaraswamy, of the Boston Museum—architects fall back upon it as did Cass Gilbert and Stephen Vorhees—Dr. Wood uses it in his cancer research—one dentist screens movies on the ceiling to keep his young patients happy—Bobby Jones uses it to teach golf—athletic coaches in a hundred universities apply it to all their varied activities, and so it goes. Indeed, one smart lawyer in a questionable accident case recently used his camera to get movies of the plaintiff who, with an alleged broken neck, was shown to the jury as a very active celebrant in a 4th of July party! Even the hard-headed executive has fallen for this plaything, and if you ever care to go into the serious work he has done with it—the efficiency studies of intricate

assembly jobs, and analyses of plant operations, some of which have led to the complete reorganization of different establishments—you will have a big field for investigation.

An engineer, at the Corning Glass Works, made a movie of the pouring of the first famous 200-inch telescope mirror which failed. His amateur picture is not only the sole record extant of that complete process but it actually shows how and when the fatal rupture occurred.

The rest of us miss these possibilities simply because we have never thought of them or don't set about our movie making with any preconceived plan even in the simple family shots we make. And what can be more monotonous than a visit to a movie fan who regales us by the hour with a steady parade of self-conscious, awkward relatives who appear on the screen, make snouts at the camera, and then give way to a successor with the same brand of originality?

There's no reason why "portrait films" shouldn't be planned: why the people in them shouldn't do natural, logical things while being photographed, guided by a simple, brief scenario.

Regardless of subject, the fact remains that no single thought will do so much to improve the average home movie as this business of taking a single theme and building the entire continuity around it. John V. Hansen did it marvelously in a color film dealing with the ever-changing sky, its light

effects, cloud formations and endless vistas. B. H. Blood also did it in his film, *Water*: a cleverly related series of studies reflecting his very lucid camera impressions of water in the rivers, lakes, brooks, bays and seas he encountered on an extensive tour.

Next to this a study of lighting effects, both natural and artificial, could not help but improve the average amateur film 1000%. The values of top lighting, spot lighting, back lighting, cross lighting or floor lighting and their combinations is not only a fascinating study but one productive of great results. Such information is readily obtained from the movie makers' magazines and standard literature in the field. And it doesn't involve any real expense for new equipment: it results, primarily in the more judicious use of what equipment you have.

And perhaps the finest example of just how far that motive can carry an amateur is demonstrated by the experience of one movie maker who has won quite a name for himself much as he abhors publicity.

Ralph Teetor is one of the most enthusiastic and one of the most considerate amateur movie makers in the world.

His consideration for his audiences is even more clearly indicated by the fact that Ralph Teetor has been totally blind for over forty years. The splendid movies he makes are done exclusively for the enjoyment of other people.

—PAUL W. KEARNEY

SO MUCH interest has been manifested in CORONET's color reproductions that it will be a great correspondence-saver to tell their story here. Not wanting to give our readers copies of the too familiar paintings that have been reproduced in profusion, we toured European galleries seeking equally fine but less generally known works to reproduce in color, having CORONET's own color photographer, Don Wallace, take along special apparatus for the task. Eleven specially constructed trunks and cases were required for all the necessary equipment, plus six cases of glass plates (120 to a case, and *very* fragile) which the French Line handled, as a gracious accommodation, in the personal care of various officers. For each photographic reproduction in color four of these glass plates are used, as the painting or art object must be photographed four times, once for each of the three primary colors, red, yellow and blue, and once for the black and white. Each "shot" is made through a color filter which eliminates all color except the one desired for that particular plate. Glass must be used rather than film, which may expand or contract unevenly so that the four colors will not "register" accurately when superimposed in printing.

Everywhere museum officials cooperated splendidly. In one day Mr. Wallace removed over a million dollars worth of miniatures from their customary cabinets in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, while

at the National Gallery in London and the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna paintings which hadn't been removed from the walls in years, much less from their frames, were taken out and placed before his camera. The National Gallery's own photographer had been vainly trying for seven years to get the Rokeby Venus (JUNE CORONET) down off the wall! Small wonder that curators watched anxiously and guards were posted outside the room in which he worked. (In the Louvre, in fact, they even locked him in with some of the more fabulously precious objects he photographed!) Most of the miniatures and some of the oldest paintings had to be photographed through glass. Ordinarily this would present difficulties as the glass would simply reflect the lights placed before it and cause blank white spots to appear in the photographs. So in these instances Mr. Wallace used a special light-polarizing screen in front of his lens, which prevented the direct rays of light which caused the reflections from passing through the lens to the plate.

One month's work for the editor, three months' work abroad and one at home for Mr. Wallace, lie behind these pictures, to say nothing of the weeks of work required to make the engravings, once the color photographs themselves had been obtained.

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The new issue of CORONET appears on the 25th of each month.

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